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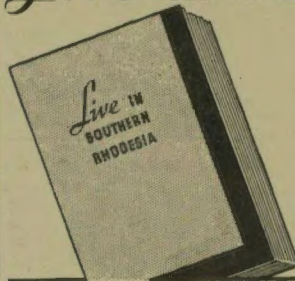
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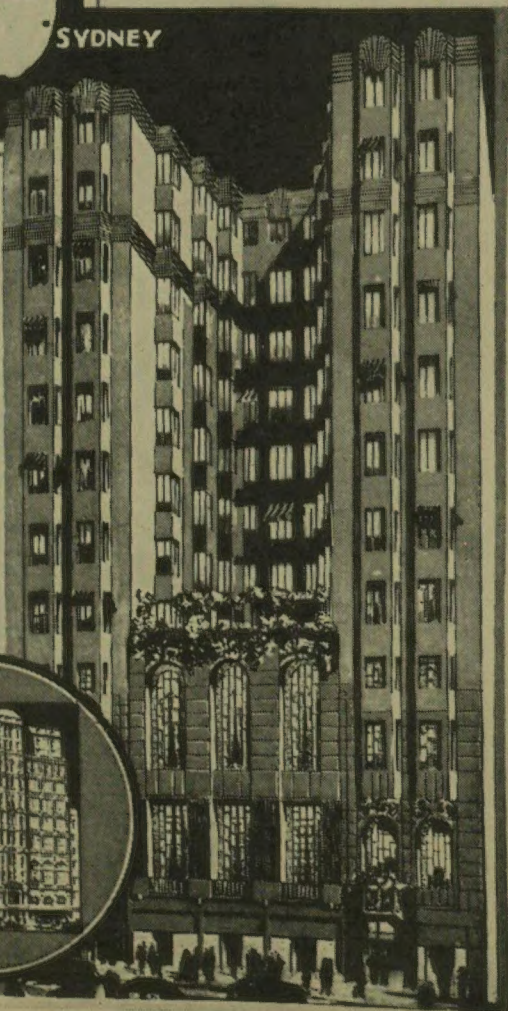
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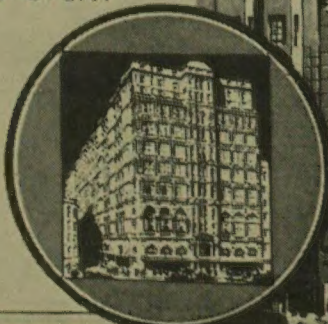
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1936.



**THE "UNCLIMBABLE" MOUNT MYSTERY CLIMBED AT LAST: MR. FRITZ WIESSNER ON THE NARROW SUMMIT OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN CANADA, AFTER A PERILOUS ASCENT TAKING NEARLY 13 HOURS.**

Mount Waddington, better known as Mount Mystery, was climbed by Mr. Fritz Wiessner, of New York, and Mr. William House, of Pittsburgh, on July 21. Previously the south peak had been pronounced almost unclimbable. The difficulties

of the ascent were intense. The actual summit of the south peak was so small that only one climber was able to stand on it at a time. It was covered with two feet of icy wind-blown snow-crystals, and was extremely insecure.

(COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH—TAKEN BY WILLIAM HOUSE. SEE ARTICLE AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON SUCCEEDING PAGES.)



## THE "UNCLIMBABLE" MOUNT MYSTERY CONQUERED.

THE 13,000-FOOT SUMMIT OF MOUNT WADDINGTON, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FORMIDABLE MOUNTAINS, ATTAINED AFTER THIRTEEN HOURS' CLIMBING.

By FRITZ WIESSNER.

Mount Waddington, or Mystery Mountain, as it was originally called, the highest peak in Canada, was climbed on July 21 by Mr. Fritz Wiessner, of New York, and Mr. William House, of Pittsburgh. During the last few years sixteen previous attempts to reach the summit failed. After the abortive attempt in August 1934 (illustrated in our issue of Oct. 6 of that year), the south peak of the mountain was pronounced to be unclimbable. Mr. Wiessner here describes how he and his companion succeeded in conquering it. The reticence and modesty of his account cannot hide the high courage and mountaineering skill which alone made their victory possible. The wonderful photographs they succeeded in taking are reproduced on our front page and on succeeding pages.

MOUNT WADDINGTON, one of the most interesting problems of mountaineering on the continent, was discovered to be the highest mountain in the British Columbia Coast Range only in 1925. Its actual height is 13,260 ft. Various attempts have been made on the mountain since its discovery, the highest point reached being approximately 800 feet from the summit by a Winnipeg party in 1934. On June 26 of the same season, Alex Dalgleish, a young Vancouver mountaineer, was killed while attempting the east ridge with a strong party. After the various attempts the mountain became widely known as one of the finest climbing problems in North America. By many climbers it was even considered impossible that the summit of Mount Waddington, or Mystery Mountain, as it was originally known, should ever be reached.

In March 1936 several of my friends of the American Alpine Club asked me to join them in an attempt this summer. Another party, made up of some of the best climbers of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club and the Sierra Club of San Francisco (the latter having already made a determined attempt in 1935), were already planning an expedition. The general feeling was that the British Columbia mountaineers should be given first chance, and I myself and the other members of our party shared this sentiment. Our party consisted of four members of the American Alpine Club: Miss Elizabeth Woolsey, New Haven, rated as the best woman skier in North America and also a climber of distinction; William P. House, twenty-three years old, of Pittsburgh, also a well-known Alpinist; Allanson W. Willcox, Washington, D.C., thirty-four, another experienced climber; and myself, of New York City, thirty-six years old. I have climbed many new routes in the Alps and other parts of Europe, and was a member of the German-American Himalayan expedition to Nanga Parbat in 1932. The party met in Vancouver on June 30. There we learned that the British Columbia party was setting out for Mount Waddington on July 1 also.

We arrived at Glendale Cannery, in Knight Inlet, on July 2. Five days of relaying our supplies up the Franklin Glacier found us at Icefall Point, at an altitude of 5700 ft. and still 7500 ft. below the summit of Mount Waddington. Our camp was located above the main icefall of Franklin Glacier. The next three days were occupied in establishing a camp on Lower Dais Glacier, the usual climbing base for previous attempts on the mountain. We felt that a climbing camp should be placed 2000 ft. higher, above the steep icefall of Upper Dais Glacier at the very foot of the great south face. With considerable effort, due to breakable crust and deep snow, we established a camp for two climbers on a snow shelf at 10,700 ft., building an ice cave sleeping two.

In the meantime the Canadian-Californian party had established their camp on Dais Glacier and were preparing for their first attempt, which was made on Sunday, July 19, by three ropes of climbers. The attempt was unsuccessful. William Dobson, president of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club, and Bestor Robinson, of the Sierra Club, indicated that they had had their chance, and it was agreed that our party should take advantage of the

good weather which had put the peak in condition for climbing. Accordingly, the next day House and myself left our high camp at 3 a.m. and set out for the foot of the main couloir between the two peaks, planning to climb it up to three-fourths of its height, and then to traverse out into the upper rock of the south face at a point 800 ft. below the summit. However, when

we left the ice couloir and took to the rocks, we found that at this point, which the sun reaches only for a few hours each day, the rocks were in a forbidding condition, glazed with ice, extremely steep, and of a loose structure that made it impossible to scale them at this time. We decided to return and to make another attempt the next day, directly up the south face of the mountain, which had been exposed to

the sun for a week, and which we hoped to find more free of ice.

Since one of the difficulties of Mount Waddington is the extremely long time required for climbing, we determined on a very early start the next morning. Moreover, only by early travel could we avoid stone-fall from the upper part of the face. At 2.45 a.m., July 21, we left camp, crossed the large *bergschrund* under the south face, and entered a steep ice couloir which led upward to a notch between the summit tower and the wild, tooth-shaped tower on the south-east ridge. We made fast progress, going up the couloir with crampons. Soon after climbing over a short icefall, we chose the left branch of the couloir, which finally led as a snow-and-rock band into a steep snowfield set in the middle of the south face. We traversed this steep, icy field, hurrying especially over the middle portion, where, in a deep trough, fragments of ice and rock hurtled down at short intervals from the summit ridge. Our traverse of the snow patch brought us to the upper left end, which formed a sharply-inclined snow ridge. From this point we could look down over ugly, almost vertical, rock walls into the ice couloir between the two summits.

Here difficult rock led upward to a depression below the final rock wall on the upper part of the south face, which began 300 ft. above us. At this point I changed to rope-soled shoes to meet the requirements of climbing on difficult rock, while House was given the task of following with the rucksack, as well as my nailed boots, the crampons, and both ice-axes. It was noon when we reached the final rock wall below the main tower. A chimney-like depression led upward to the ridge a hundred yards below the summit, its appearance forbidding in the extreme. I succeeded in entering it after climbing an ice chimney. During this manoeuvre I was well belayed by House, who had a safe stance and was secured to a *piton*. After two rope-lengths of constantly difficult climbing over the overhanging, broken, and partially-glazed rock of the depression, at a point thirty yards below the ridge, we traversed to the right over somewhat easier rock to another depression. This in turn we followed upward. The mountain's last obstacle, a difficult overhang, was finally surmounted, and at 3.40 p.m. we stood on the glazed summit ridge, seven yards below the highest point. Only one of us at a time could stand on the summit itself, which was covered with two feet of icy, wind-blown snow-crystals.

We had hoped to be able to traverse the mountain to the lower snow peak in order to have an easy and safe descent. However, the condition of the ridge leading to the notch between the two peaks made this a rather questionable venture, and we chose to descend by our own route. We started down at 4 p.m., after erecting a stone cairn on an exposed rock on the ridge seven yards below the summit. With a rappel rope of 300 ft. length, we were able to rope down more directly over the steep summit walls in several relays, using *pitons* and rope coils. Careful laying-out of this descent was necessary on account of the rotten rock structure, and in order to prevent us from being struck by stones loosened by the rope. Hours passed at this work, until we had reached the snowfield in the middle of the south face at sunset. It was rather disagreeable to descend in the dark. Over several icy places we roped down on *pitons* which we drove into the rocks on the side of the snow band.

At 2 a.m. we were back in our little camp just below the threatening face, heartily greeted and congratulated by the two other members of the party, without whose efforts in helping us establish our high camp we would not have had such an excellent opportunity of conquering Waddington. It may be asked why the whole party of four did not make the ascent. The physical difficulties and the dangers of the mountain, culminating in the last 1000 ft., made it unsafe as well as highly impracticable for a rope of more than two to attempt this work.

Seldom in my twenty years of mountaineering have I climbed a mountain which made such heavy demands on climbing knowledge, on nervous energy, and on daring; nor have I ascended any mountain where careful climbing was more necessary. The upper portion of the mountain, with its very difficult, rotten, and often glazed rock, demands all reserve of rock-climbing technique, strength, and quick and cautious movement. Concluding, I may say that, to my knowledge, none of the big mountains of over 13,000 ft. which have been climbed in the Alps and other mountain ranges of the world, is as difficult to climb by its usual route as Mount Waddington, which must be considered harder than such famous and exceedingly difficult climbs as the Meije and Aiguille Blanche de Peteret, in the Alps, and even Ushba, in the Caucasus.



HOW THE "UNCLIMBABLE" SOUTHERN PEAK OF MOUNT MYSTERY WAS CLIMBED: THE ROUTE TAKEN BY MR. WIESSNER AND MR. HOUSE IN THEIR THIRTEEN-HOUR ASCENT OF THE SOUTH FACE OF MOUNT WADDINGTON.

The visible parts of this route are marked by dots; the parts hidden by buttresses by dashes. Rotten rock, rock glazed by ice, and falling stones presented great difficulties. The couloir at the left separates the North Peak (first climbed by the Don Mundays, of Vancouver) from the higher South Peak. (Copyright Photograph.)



THE CONQUERORS OF MOUNT MYSTERY: MR. FRITZ WIESSNER (RIGHT), THE LEADER, AND MR. WILLIAM P. HOUSE, WHO SUCCESSFULLY ASCENDED THE SOUTH PEAK, WHERE THE CLIMB WAS SO DIFFICULT THAT ONLY TWO COULD ATTACK IT AT A TIME.

Mr. Fritz Wiessner, who took the lead in this historic ascent, is a German-American chemist of New York. He is thirty-six and has twenty years of climbing experience. He was a member of the German-American Nanga-Parbat Expedition in 1932. Mr. William P. House, of Pittsburgh, is also a well-known climber. He is a student at Yale University, and is twenty-three. (Copyright Photograph.)



# THE "UNCLIMBABLE" MOUNT MYSTERY CLIMBED: DIFFICULTIES OF APPROACH.

(COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS—TAKEN BY E. WOOLSEY. SEE ALSO PHOTOGRAPHS ON SUCCEEDING PAGES.)



GETTING INTO POSITION TO ATTACK THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN CANADA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE MR. FRITZ WIESSNER'S PARTY WAS HALTED ON THE UPPER FRANKLIN GLACIER—HERE BADLY CREVASSED, IMPOSING EXTREME CAUTION ON THE CLIMBERS; WITH MOUNT MYSTERY ITSELF IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE JUMPING-OFF POINT FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT ON MOUNT MYSTERY (MOUNT WADDINGTON): THE HIGH CAMP (X) SET ON THE UPPER DAIS GLACIER AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTH FACE; WITH THE SOUTH PEAK (THE HIGHEST) ON THE RIGHT.

In the article on the opposite page, Mr. Fritz Wiessner describes in full the laborious approach his party had to make to Mount Mystery before they were in a position to begin the attack on the mountain itself. A camp was first established on Lower Dais Glacier. This took three days. A climbing camp for two

had then to be placed 2000 feet higher, above the steep ice-fall of Upper Dais Glacier, at the very foot of the great south face. This was only achieved with considerable effort. From there two attacks on the mountain were launched by Mr. Wiessner and Mr. House. The second of these proved successful.



# MT. MYSTERY CLIMBED: GRUELLING GOING; AND TEMPORARY FAILURE.

(COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS—TAKEN BY E. WOOLSEY.)



DIFFICULTIES OF THE LAST STAGES OF THE ADVANCE TO THE FOOT OF THE SOUTH FACE OF MOUNT MYSTERY: A HEAVILY-LADEN MEMBER OF MR. WIESSNER'S PARTY PUSHING THROUGH SOFT SNOW ON THE UPPER DAIS GLACIER—THE MOUNTAIN, VEILED WITH CLOUD, AT THE BACK.



AFTER THE BAD CONDITION OF THE VERY STEEP, ICE-GLAZED ROCK HAD CAUSED THE FAILURE OF THEIR FIRST ATTEMPT TO CLIMB MOUNT MYSTERY: MR. WIESSNER AND MR. HOUSE AT THE CAMP AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTH FACE.



# MOUNT MYSTERY CLIMBED : WIESSNER TAKES TO ESPADRILLES ON BAD ROCK.

(COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH—TAKEN BY WILLIAM HOUSE.)



APPROACHING THE 13,000-FT. SUMMIT OF MOUNT MYSTERY: MR. WIESSNER—HIS NAILED BOOTS CHANGED TO ROPE-SOLED ESPADRILLES—NEGOTIATING DIFFICULT ROCK ; A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OBTAINED BY HIS COMPANION, MR. HOUSE.

The last stages of the successful assault on Mount Mystery by Mr. Fritz Wiessner and his party are illustrated on these two pages. A climbing camp had to be formed at the foot of the south face of the mountain, as a jumping-off point for the final assault. The last stage up to this camp proved very troublesome. The party were carrying heavy packs and sank through the crust on the Upper Dais Glacier at every step, sometimes up to their hips. The first attempt made by Mr. Wiessner and Mr. House, on July 20, was a failure, owing to the bad condition

of the rock. They returned to their camp and went up again on the next day. They left the camp at 2.45 in the morning. After passing a stretch on which they were in constant danger from falling stones, they encountered some extremely difficult rock on the upper part of the south face. Mr. Wiessner had to change to rope-soled shoes, Mr. House taking his nailed boots. It was during this stage that Mr. House took the remarkable photograph reproduced above. They reached the summit after a climb of twelve hours and fifty-five minutes.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

UP to the middle of August the present summer must have been one of the worst in the annals of this country. On some appointed day in March—I forget which—the wind was in a particularly chilly and unpleasant quarter. Thereafter, in accordance with traditional rustic belief, it remained on and off in that quarter for the full allotted three months. About the middle of June we were treated to a brief respite. There was even a day or two of sparkling sunshine, and grey top-hats came out in Pall Mall and St. James's Street like daisies in April. But it was a false dawn. The heavens still fought against us. Within less than a week our sunshine had been turned into what one can only describe as a kind of heavy, hot mildew: the air was charged with thunder, and lightning forked ominously at the recumbent, but not unobservant, forms of his Majesty's liege subjects as they lay in their beds at night.

Worse followed. On St. Swithin's Day rain fell in abundance. Thereupon the newspapers, waging their usual impossible but gallant warfare against unpleasant realities, announced that the old prophecy about St. Swithin's Day was a fraud: meteorological records proved that there was no such thing as a forty days' continuous downpour in this country. They did not, however, prove that we were not to have a spell of uncommonly unpleasant weather. We did: 1930 repeated itself, with the saving grace that the last ten days of our rainy forty were mercifully remitted. At the time of writing—Aug. 24—I am sitting in my garden in bright sunshine. Whether I shall be doing so when these lines first meet the eyes of any readers, I do not know. Possibly not.

All the same, even in this year of grace—or disgrace—1936, I doubt if we have any real right to grumble at our climate. The proper test of a climate is like that of a wife: the question is not whether she is perfect, but whether we could hope to find a better. It is idle to expect a woman to possess virtues which are incompatible with the nature of a woman. It is quite as foolish to expect a climate to possess attributes incompatible with the climatic laws of the universe. Britons frequently grumble at the lack of sun. But if we had continuous sunshine for any length of time, we should have the consequences of prolonged sunshine. Anyone who has lived for long in a southern country knows what they are.

For whatever the defects of our British climate, there are a great many plagues which others suffer which we escape. We do not have to see our fields and gardens year after year parched to a lifeless brown; do not suffocate in clouds of dust whenever the wind blows; do not walk abroad accompanied by hordes of revolting insects. We live in a pleasant temperate atmosphere in which, if we possess a modicum of wholesome food, warm clothing, and good housing, we need never be too hot or too cold. The very essence of our climatic condition is comfort; it is the kind of land where a properly nourished and housed man naturally feels at his ease.

Yet this insular claim needs qualifying. To one who is not adequately fed and clothed ours is not

a satisfactory climate. For such, save for brief periods in the summer, it is scarcely even tolerable. The moisture of the atmosphere, which for more fortunate individuals constitutes half its charm, is a cruel menace to the poor ragamuffin. Chills, aches, and rheumatism prey perpetually on his constitution and melancholy claims him for its own. That is why our people have always insisted, and insisted rightly, on a high standard of bodily living: good beef and ale, warm blankets, and woollen clothes, the maintenance of the aged, impotent, or unemployed poor, not as a charity but as a right, have for centuries been regarded as part of the English tradition. They are dictated by

Europe. Until fifty years ago her farmers were regarded as the most successful in the world.

Even to-day, those most competent to form a judgment in such matters pronounce our island to be almost ideally suited for dairy-farming and the raising of stock. If the great masses of our people regarded the quality and freshness of their food as much as they do its quantity, British farming would be one of the most prosperous of pursuits. As it is, it remains one of the most pleasant. For it enables a man to follow an out-of-door life the whole year round in the British climate and countryside.

Unfortunately, to the town-dweller the very qualities of the climate that make the English countryside so delightful to the countryman are disadvantages. Cooped up in an office or factory for the vast majority of his days, he naturally wishes to enjoy sunshine on the rare occasions when he escapes to the fields and flowers. But that is just what he can never be certain of finding, however carefully he plans his holiday in advance; the day of the picnic, the punt on the river, or the trip to Margate or Blackpool comes and the sun which made him swelter the day before in his city cage is totally obscured and the unjust heavens pour down torrents. To the countryman it does not matter; he can afford to take the thick with the thin; yesterday he revelled in the sunshine, to-day he is grateful for the rain.

And what is pleasant in the country may become anything but pleasant when transmuted by the atmospheric conditions of an urban area. The crisp beauty of winter snow becomes a soiled and wretched inconvenience in a street; a bright November day on the Chilton heights means as often as not a pea-soup fog in London. Nothing astonishes my city friends more than my assurance that when I am at my home in the country during the winter, I seldom get less than two mornings of sunshine a week. Cut off by alleys of tall houses from its slanting beams, they naturally fall into the error of supposing that the sun never visits this island between October and March.

Perhaps the greatest blessing of our climate, as it is enjoyed in the country, is the effect it has on the outlook and character of our people. It is essentially sedative. Nothing in creation is more pacifying and satisfying than a fine summer's day in England:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!  
The bridal of the earth and sky—

And even in its less pleasing manifestations, the English weather exercises a soothing and modifying influence. Changeable and inconvenient as it often is, it is always in process of being transformed into something else. Nothing is clear or certain: over the whole landscape there rests for nine days out of ten a misty, vaporous atmosphere softening every harsh line and enchanting every distance. In such a climate men readily grow into philosophers. Farmers lean over gates in meditation, old gentlemen mending roads are given to slow speech and obscure Delphic utterances, and the very cows appear more ruminative than the cows of other lands.



THE HEAD OF THE REBEL PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT IN SPAIN: GENERAL CABANELLAS AT HIS DESK IN THE REBEL HEADQUARTERS AT BURGOS.

Soon after the outbreak of war the rebels set up an opposition Government at Burgos, with General Cabanellas as president of the Junta Defensa Nacional (Committee of National Defence). The General forthwith sent a telegram to the British Foreign Office, saying that his Government hoped to maintain with the British Government the same cordial and amicable relations which have always bound Spain and Britain. The Foreign Office took no action on receipt of this telegram. General Cabanellas, who is sixty-two years old, was military Governor of Saragossa at the time of the rising. He is seen here at his desk at Burgos, the town from which the rebel headquarters were moved to Valladolid a short time ago.

the peculiar nature of our climate, by the defects which arise out of its virtues.

There is another reservation, and in the present state of our civilisation, an important one. Ours is a good climate for the countryman, but nothing like such a good one for the townsman. At first this may sound a paradox, for the distractions of the unhappy farmer faced by the vagaries of the British weather are proverbial. Yet our climate is not really unfavourable to the pursuit of agriculture. In Roman times England was acclaimed as the granary of

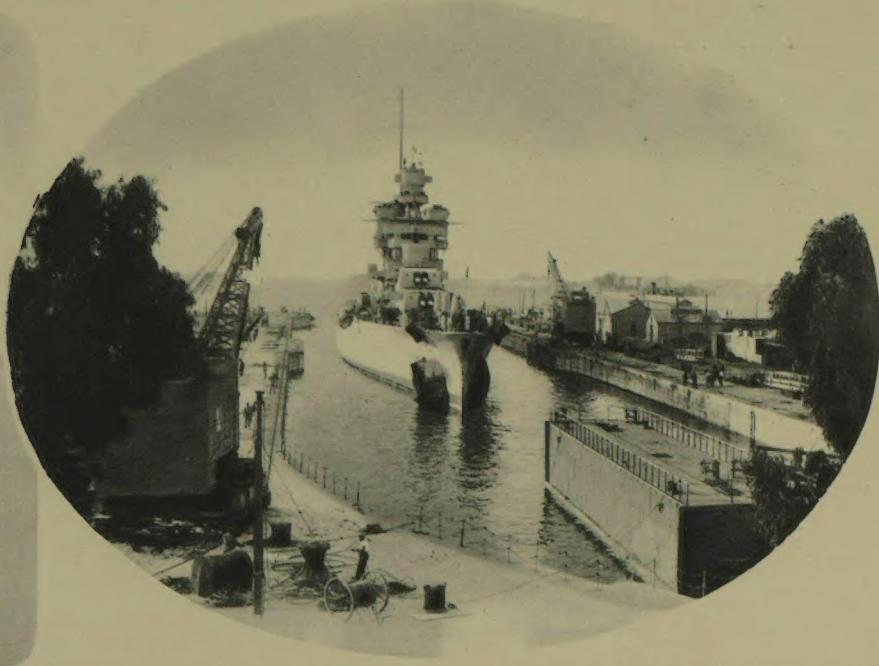


## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: RECENT HAPPENINGS IN PICTURES.



AN ITALIAN CRUISER TOWED STERN-FIRST INTO GIBRALTAR AFTER BEING DAMAGED BY AN EXPLOSION: THE "GORIZIA" WITH HER BOWS SHATTERED.

The Italian cruiser "Gorizia" was towed into Gibraltar on August 25 by the British Admiralty tugs "Rollicker" and "Energetic." Her bows shattered and her fore-plates buckled by a petrol-tank explosion, which occurred while she was lying off Tangier, across the straits. The tugs were sent at the request of the "Gorizia's" captain. She was towed into Gibraltar stern-first, escorted by another Italian cruiser and a destroyer, which turned back when the damaged vessel



THE "GORIZIA" DOCKED IN GIBRALTAR: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE TO BOTH SIDES OF HER BOWS BY AN EXPLODING PETROL-TANK.

was off the South Mole. The necessity for towing her stern-first can easily be appreciated, for on both sides plates were blown outwards facing the bow. Soon after 5 p.m. the "Gorizia" was put into dry-dock and hundreds of spectators availed themselves of the opportunity to see the damage. The ship is a ten-thousand-ton cruiser, mounting 8-in. guns. It will be observed that the huge hole in her bows did not, apparently, seriously affect her trim.



THE NEW "TREATY" ROADS IN EGYPT: CONSTRUCTING THE STRATEGIC LINK BETWEEN CAIRO AND ALEXANDRIA.

An important feature of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of friendship and alliance, signed on August 26 in London, is the provision made for the construction of a number of strategic roads in Egypt—by the English and the Egyptian authorities. One of these is a road from Cairo to Alexandria via Gizeh and the desert. The Treaty authorises the maintenance of British units in Egypt for the completion of this. Our photograph shows the work in progress.



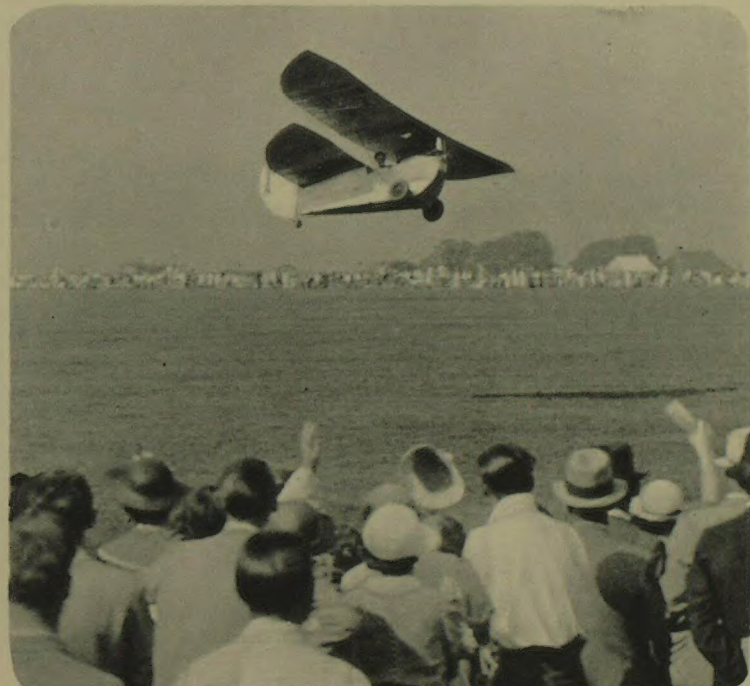
THE MURDER OF MR. LEVI BILLIG AT JERUSALEM: THE FUNERAL OF THE LONDON-JEWISH UNIVERSITY LECTURER WHO WAS SHOT BY AN ARAB.

We published in our last issue a portrait of Mr. L. Billig, the London-Jewish lecturer in Arabic at Jerusalem University, who was shot by an Arab while working in his room at night. We here illustrate Mr. Billig's funeral. This took place on August 21, and was attended by more than 1000 mourners. These included friends on the University staff, students, and representatives of the Government and Jewish national institutions. Mr. Billig's parents live in North London.



YOUNG STORKS REARED IN KENT STOP IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT WHILE MIGRATING SOUTHWARDS: A GROUP OF BIRDS WHO PROVED EXTREMELY TAME.

The bulk of the young storks sent from East Prussia and reared in artificial nests in Kent began their migration southward on August 12. A number of them arrived in the Isle of Wight on August 19, and were seen on Brading Marshes, and at Bembridge and St. Helen's. They proved extremely tame. After nearly four days in the Isle of Wight, the storks once again resumed their journey, though one bird remained behind. Other storks, presumably from Kent, were seen near Eton, and near Land's End. A ringed stork was also observed on a cricket ground near Lytham, Lancashire, on August 26.



THE CINQUE PORTS INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY: A "FLYING FLEA" DEMONSTRATING BEFORE NUMEROUS SPECTATORS.

Thirty-five Continental pilots attended the international air rally organised by the Cinque Ports Flying Club on August 29. They included Belgian, German, French, Polish, and Austrian aviators. Among those who entertained the guests were Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary of State for Air, and Mr. Noel Coward. Herr Kronfeld, M. Mignet, and Mr. Appleby gave displays on very light machines.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NO one can accuse me of being a vindictive reviewer, for I do not aspire to be among the "hanging judges" of literature. It has never been my habit to choose a book for notice simply for the purpose of "slating" it. What is the origin, by the way, of the expression to "slate"? It has just been suggested to me that it derives from a public-house custom of writing on a slate the names of persons not to be given further credit. Being, of course, inexperienced in such matters—at any rate, as far as I know, my name has never figured on such a slate—I cannot say whether that explanation is correct. To proceed—if I do not like a book I prefer to ignore it, and, after all, that is the worst punishment one can inflict upon an author. Some famous critic, I believe, considered that his function was to expound rather than to demolish, and I generally follow his advice.

I regret, therefore, having to disappoint an author's desire—almost a request—for a critical assault challengingly expressed in "ROMANTIC ADVENTURE." Being the Autobiography of Elinor Glyn. Illustrated (Ivor Nicholson; 15s.). The passage in question occurs near the end of the book, where Mrs. Glyn writes: "I shall feel truly humiliated if the publication of these memoirs fails to arouse the storm of hostile criticism to which I have become accustomed, and which is the truest flattery of all to those who hope, as I do, to call forth their opponents' sharpest arrows until the very end, and to go down, when the time comes, with colours flying." These attacks upon her work, apparently, have only been made in recent years, and especially on her production of a screen play in this country (after her great success at Hollywood) "with a quite genuine desire to do something to help the British film industry." Adverse criticism helped to kill the venture, and she lost a great deal of money. She then settled down to write novels again, but encountered "the same barrage of hostile criticism." Yet one thing has secretly pleased her. "No one," she adds, "has ever showed me the slightest mercy. I still command enough respect from my critics for them to hit me at all times as hard as they can." It was not ever thus, and certainly not at the outset of her literary career. In recording the appearance of her first book, "The Visits of Elizabeth," of whose inception she gives a revealing account, she remarks: "The critics were simply delighted with it."

Well, at the risk of seeming ungallant, I refuse to join the pack of critical wolves expected to tear in pieces this autobiography. Instead, I shall maliciously join the earlier crowd who were "simply delighted with 'Elizabeth.'" I shall be unkind enough to say that I have seldom read a more attractive or vivacious book of reminiscences. The word "romantic" in the title has a definite significance. In describing the formative years of her childhood, spent partly in Canada under the influence of grandparents whose ideas of *noblesse oblige* dated from the eighteenth century, Mrs. Glyn recalls that throughout her life the dominant impulse has been a quest for romance. These early chapters about her parentage and upbringing, and her unconventional reading as a young girl, are of special interest as showing the foundations on which her character was built. Then comes the period of adolescence, culminating in her marriage. For the rest, the book is a lively record of a society woman's experiences, friendships with a host of famous people, the writing and publication of her own works, comments on changing social conditions, and much diversity of travel, including visits to Egypt in Lord Cromer's day, to America, to imperial Russia, and to royal Spain.

Among her recollections of authorship the most appealing, I think, is that concerning the origin of her well-known

story, "Three Weeks." "The book," she writes, "meant everything to me; it was the outpouring of my whole nature, romantic, proud and passionate, but for ever repressed in real life by the barriers of custom and tradition. . . . An old Scottish Professor of the History of Religions came to stay with us not long after *Three Weeks* was published, early in 1907. He had heard the Philistine view that it was a very bad book, and was prepared to chide me for writing it. I gave him a copy of the book, which, like most of my critics, he had never seen. He sat there in my sitting-room and read and read, forgetting even to come down for lunch, and when I returned to the room at about four o'clock he had finished reading and was sitting with his head in his hands, crying like a child. 'Lassie,' he said, 'I'm ashamed of my thoughts on it yesterday. Posterity will justify you.' I cried too, with sheer joy that this stern old man had understood."

Just now, of course, the most interesting of her travel chapters is that describing her visit to Spain in 1920, at the invitation of Queen Ena. Her impressions sixteen years ago naturally have little bearing on events of to-day, though even then she anticipated a time when "the old child-like faith which used to exist in Spain will have been swept away." As a visitor to the Court, she witnessed magnificent ceremonies, and in this connection she makes

the first to be held outside Great Britain—from Sept. 15 next to Jan. 15, 1937.

Mr. Jacobsson's work is much more than a handbook for overseas visitors to the exhibition. It is the record in outline of a vital episode in South African history. It tells the story of the Rand goldfields from the accidental discovery of the Main Reef, in 1886, to the present day, and of the amazing growth of Johannesburg, in fifty years, from a rough mining-camp to one of the world's great cities. It is a story full of romance and adventure, of drama and tragedy, personal and political. The general reader will enjoy most, perhaps, the picturesque glimpses of the early days and the pioneer diggers, while the chapters on mining methods and other technicalities will appeal to the expert. Of late there has been a great revival of prosperity. "In its jubilee year, 1936," we read, "Witwatersrand gold-mining is expanding on a greater scale than at any other time. Only a few short years ago the decline of the industry was accepted. . . . To-day a new Witwatersrand . . . has unlimited faith in its own future. That faith gains strength from the example of countries which still cling tenaciously to the gold standard and of the many others which, while nominally abandoning that

standard, add steadily to their holdings of the metal. An adequate substitute for gold in international relations has yet to be devised."

To revert to the realm of reminiscence—I commend to readers who like something strong, distinctive, and highly original a book entitled "TRUE THOMAS." By Thomas Wood, Author of "Cobbers." With sixteen illustrations (Cape; 12s. 6d.). Dr. Wood disclaims having written an autobiography. "Primarily," he says, "it is a study in three subjects—the Merchant Service, the University of Oxford, and Music; together with an examination of a fourth subject—the Supernatural." This bald outline amplifies itself, in the reading, into a succession of incidents related in a style discursive, anecdotal, and extraordinarily vivid. The first section, describing his adventures at sea,

is written in the third person about a boy named Tom, whose father was the master of a ship. Tom is introduced thus: "He was eight and I was he. I cannot call him 'I' until he grew up." The ensuing chapters, which tell how he realised his ambition of going to Oxford, what befell him there, his musical friendships, and his travels, during the period when he attained distinction as a composer, cannot easily be summarised. They must be read to be appreciated.

Like Elinor Glyn, Dr. Wood concludes with a brief expression of his outlook on the future. He has faith in the British Empire, and within its borders, at least, he believes that peace can be maintained. "Further afield," he writes, "I am not so hopeful. It is probable that some day the United Nations of the World will no longer be a visionary's phrase. Good luck to that day if it heralds universal happiness and plenty; though the changes we are promised it will bring about cannot be greater than those other changes we must train ourselves to make now—and with a will—to do no more than bring the dawning nearer. It is easy to make friends with one man, whatever his language; it is not difficult to get on terms with a body of men; but there is a limit to the influence both of individual friendship and collective goodwill. Beyond it, catchwords come into play, breeding passions that are fanned to flame in a moment by one resolute and determined and fanatical mind. When we know how to live and let live and have also learnt to let the dead bury their dead—forget the ghosts—that day will come." Foreign papers, please copy! C. E. B.



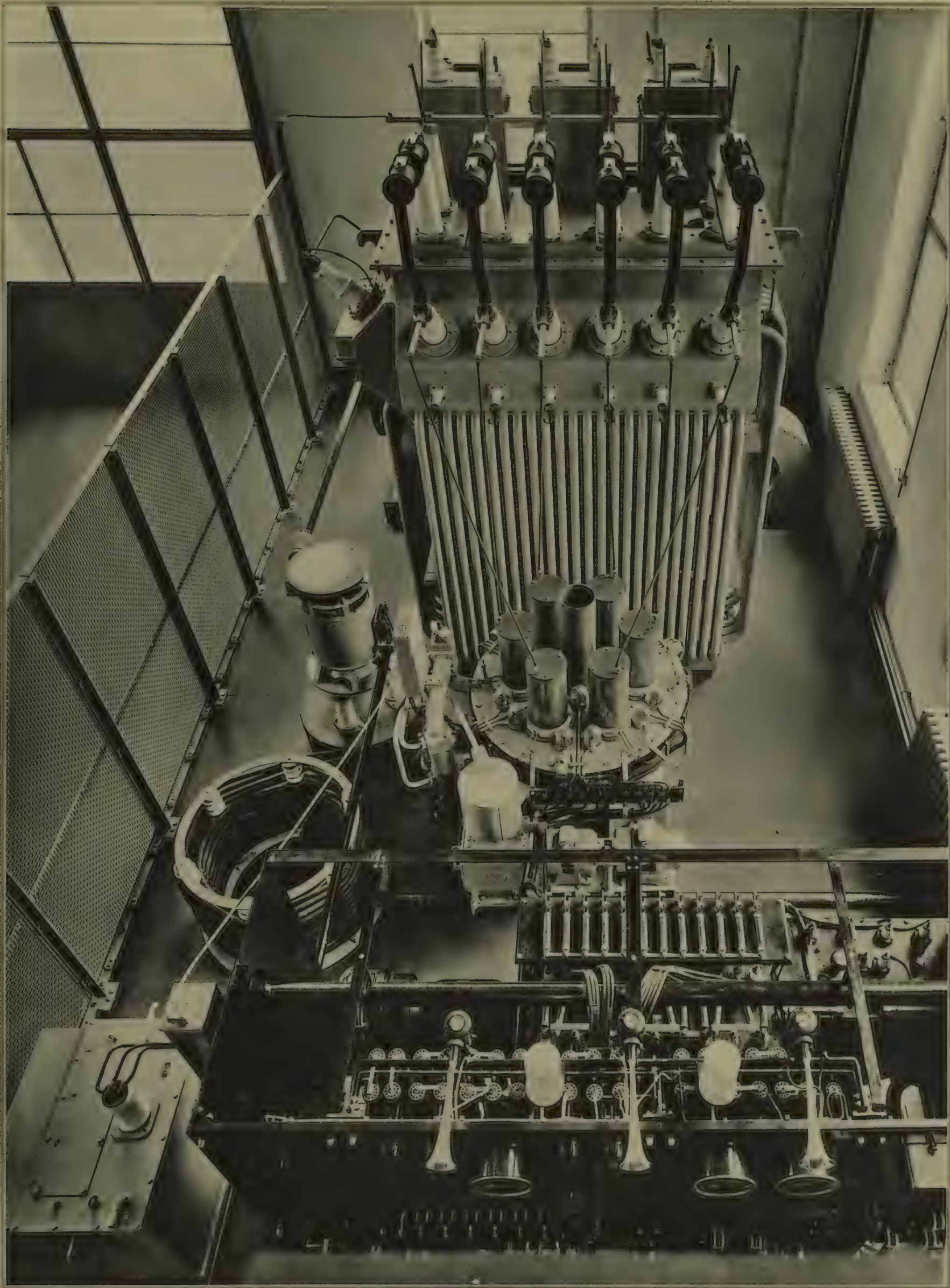
THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY OF ALLIANCE IN THE LOCARNO ROOM OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE: MR. EDEN MAKING HIS SPEECH TO THE ASSEMBLED DELEGATES.

The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of Alliance was signed on August 26 at the Foreign Office, a fortnight after it had been initialled in the Antoniadis Villa in Alexandria. The text of the Treaty was issued on August 27. Mr. Eden and Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, spoke before the signing. In this photograph members of the Egyptian delegation are seen at the left of the table; at the right are Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, Lord Halifax, and Sir Miles Lampson, who, with Mr. Eden, signed the Treaty on behalf of Great Britain.

some shrewd observations on the importance of pageantry in preserving respect for law and order. "Spain, of all nations," she says, "should beware of abandoning this great source of national strength and unity. . . . While the Church still retains its power in Spain it may be that all will be well, despite the loss of Royal pageantry; but I believe that nothing but harm can follow if so Southern a people attempt too soon to rid themselves of the support of the traditional and emotional scenes in which the whole nature of the race has been expressed since history began."

Elinor Glyn concludes with an optimistic "vision of things to come," in which she sees mankind released from bondage through mass production, which has vastly improved social conditions and the general standard of living. Incidentally, she declares: "Real wealth has nothing to do with gold and can certainly not be increased materially by digging this one of many precious metals out of the ground in South Africa or the Klondike and transferring it . . . to the underground vaults of the various national banks." Torn from its context, this pronouncement does not adequately represent her argument, but I doubt whether it would appeal to the author of "FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS OF THE RAND": 1886-1936. By D. Jacobsson, Mining Editor of *The Star*, Johannesburg. With Introduction by the Hon. Patrick Duncan, Minister of Mines for the Union of South Africa. Illustrated (Faber; 6s.). This little book was written primarily to commemorate the Jubilee of Johannesburg and the Witwatersrand gold-mining industry, which, as our readers are already aware, is to be celebrated in that city by an Empire Exhibition—





UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS. III. A MIGHTY RADIO LINK—THE "NATIONAL" TRANSMITTER AT DROITWICH: ONE OF THE HIGH-TENSION TRANSFORMERS AND MERCURY-ARC RECTIFIERS, WITH THEIR ASSOCIATED SWITCH-GEAR.

The Radio Exhibition at Olympia, which opened on August 26, lends a topical interest to this photograph. It shows an important section of the power supply equipment of the National transmitter at Droitwich, which serves as a link between broadcast performances and radio reception in homes throughout the land. Electric

current, generated in the Station power-house, is transformed to a high voltage and rectified to provide the high-tension supply for the long wave (1500 metres) National programme transmitter. In the foreground are three alarm syrens which automatically indicate any departure from the correct operating conditions of the rectifier.



# ADVENTURERS ALL.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE UNTOLD STORY OF EXPLORATION": By LOWELL THOMAS.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

EXPLORATION, Mr. Thomas tells us, has always had a fascination for him—as it has for most of us. He had cherished a project of writing a comprehensive history of exploration; but that field was already so well ploughed that his ambition was daunted. He has therefore chosen a good second-best, and in this volume has collected the stories of explorers and adventurers who, though they have all contributed substantially to geographical knowledge, are not so well known to fame as the great heroes of discovery by sea and land. Mr. Thomas ranges over the whole field of history, and all his worthies are remarkable in their several ways, not only for what they did, but in most cases for the records which they left. Indeed, the fact that their exploits and their chronicles are not better known to the general reader only shows how keen, from time immemorial, has been the competition in this field of endeavour, how high the standard of achievement, and how indomitable man's questing spirit.

The types which Mr. Thomas selects may be divided roughly into two classes—those who have set out upon some definite mission of discovery, and those who have become wanderers and adventurers by force of circumstance. In the first class, the earliest figure is the Gallo-Hellene Pytheas, of Marseilles, who, in the third century B.C., set forth for unknown seas in order to challenge the Carthaginian monopoly of Atlantic trade. We have only fragments of his writings, which have come down indirectly through Polybius and Strabo; and even these probably would not have survived if Pytheas had not possessed an unenviable reputation among ancient geographers as a notorious Munchausen. Such, however, is the hard fate of many perfectly true "traveller's tales"; and the verdict of modern geographers on Pytheas is that his voyage was "more fruitful in scientific discovery than any others until the age of Prince Henry the Navigator" (the great Portuguese patron of exploration in the fifteenth century). Pytheas "added many thousands of square miles to the geographical knowledge of his time. It enabled the map-makers of his generation to enlarge their maps by one-quarter." He made extensive explorations in Britain, and went as far north as the Orkneys, Norway, and perhaps even Iceland. It is possible that he followed the European coastline as far as the Baltic, and he certainly identified a number of the tribes of Northern Europe. He cannot be denied an extremely high place among the pioneers of geography.

Much has been written in recent years about the geography of Central Asia, and a large public, we doubt not, is at this moment reading of Mr. Peter Fleming's overland journey from China to India. It is interesting to find that about 130 B.C., a similar but even more hazardous pilgrimage was accomplished, with a very different object, by the young Chang K'ien. He volunteered as envoy-extraordinary of the Chinese Emperor Wu Ti to establish contact with the Yue-chi and to offer an offensive alliance against the threatening Huns. Chang K'ien was many years journeying through Central Asia before he reached the Kingdom of Bactria; he was twice taken prisoner by the Huns, and improved the occasion by marrying a Hun princess. The invaluable information which he brought back opened the way for the spread of Chinese power all over Asia, established trade routes to the Roman Empire, and, in short, forged the first permanent link between East and West.

From the fifteenth-century pioneers, Mr. Thomas selects Joam Fernandez, one of the emissaries of Prince Henry the Navigator, who spent seven months in the Sahara and was the first European to gain knowledge of the Mohammedan nomads; his exploit Mr. Thomas regards as no less remarkable than that of Sir Richard Burton four hundred years later. (He is not to be confused with the Juan Fernandez who gave his name to Alexander Selkirk's famous island.) The Comte de La Pérouse, in the eighteenth century, was another specially-commissioned explorer who, besides taking an active part in the Anglo-American War, nearly

succeeded in adding Australia to the French dominions, for he was anticipated by Captain Arthur Phillip by only a week. To this day, a part of the city of Sydney, near the spot where he courteously acknowledged defeat by the British expedition, is named after him. Both romance and mystery attend his name, for he defied Court and family for the sake of a love-match in Mauritius, and although it is probable that he was shipwrecked in the New Hebrides and killed by natives, nothing is known for certain about his end.

In selecting from the many less-known explorers of the nineteenth century, Mr. Thomas has certainly been right in extolling the extraordinary achievement of that band of Indians of the Singh kindred, the "Pandits"—the most celebrated in their day were Nain Singh and Kishen Singh—who, in the '60's and '70's of last century laid the foundations of all modern geographical knowledge of Tibet, the Valleys of the Indus and the Oxus, the Pamirs and Chinese Turkestan. These devoted servants of the Government, specially and scientifically trained for survey work, performed prodigies of endurance and ingenuity in making their investigations—always in disguise and under innumerable different rôles for, owing to the political conditions of the time, they had to operate as secret agents, without any official support from the British Government. Coming to very recent times, Mr. Thomas tells the story of his intrepid namesake, Captain Bertram Thomas, whose great achievement in crossing the Rub' Al Khali, and whose fascinating account of his adventures, were described in this journal in 1931. But of all the gallant band who adorned the latter-day Age of Discovery, perhaps the most engaging—

because the most unusual—was the indomitable Mary Kingsley. We are bound to revise all conventional views of demure Victorian femininity when we read of the exploits of this entirely fearless woman. Herself the daughter of an explorer, and a niece of Charles Kingsley, she defied every convention of her age and braved light-heartedly all the perils of the most savage and unknown parts of West Africa. She showed as little fear of cannibals as she did of the intruding crocodile which she hit over the snout with a paddle, the leopard which she contemptuously ordered to

"Go home, you fool!" or the hippopotamus which she scratched behind the ear with her parasol. Of her Sir Percy Sykes has written: "Wilberforce and Buxton had abolished slavery, Livingstone on land and the British Navy at sea had carried this abolition into effect, while Mary Kingsley showed the world how to govern the Negro with justice based on understanding and mercy." Not the least of her merits was the irrepressible humour with which she described her extraordinary adventures as if they were all the greatest of larks.

Many a rolling stone, throughout the ages, has been a discoverer *malgré lui*, but few of this numerous and perennial class have had the art, or indeed the opportunity, to leave an entertaining record of their experiences. Those who have done so have generally caught the ear of the public. Mr. Thomas's earliest example of this kind is the Bavarian Johann Schiltberger, who, at the end of the fourteenth century was captured in the wars against the Turks, and thereafter led a life of amazing vicissitude in every part of Asia. He was a slave in the train of many famous Asiatic commanders, including Bajazet and Tamerlane: he travelled all over Great Tartary (then merely a land of legend to the Western World), crossed the Hejaz, and was probably the first European ever to enter Mecca and Medina. He returned to his native country after no less than thirty-two years of exile—probably not wholly involuntary—in unknown Asia and, being unable to write, dictated his memoirs, which remain a capital document of early Asiatic exploration.

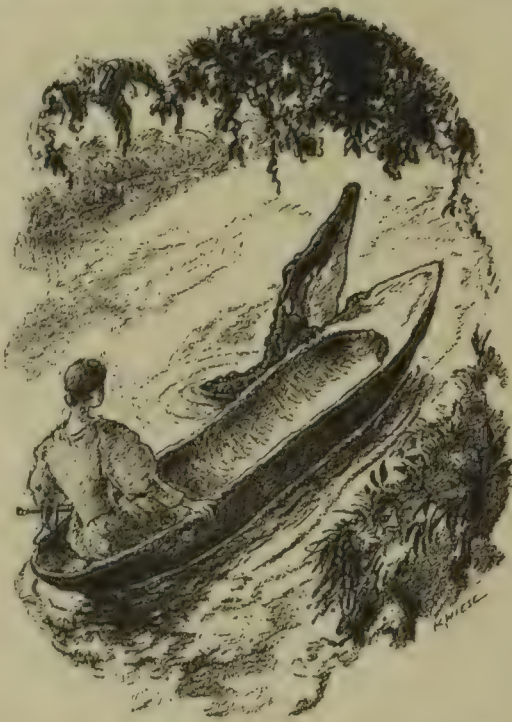
Ulrich Schmiedel was another German who, in 1534, joined a Spanish expedition to the River Plate, and returned to his native town of Straubing, on the Danube, to dictate a story of twenty years of fantastic escapade in South America. Contemporary with him was the Portuguese, Fernão Mendes Pinto, who for twenty-one years "knocked about" Asia and Africa, most of the time fighting his way from peril to peril. His long duel with the pirate Coja Acem is an epic in itself; and though not actually the first European to set foot in Japan (three of his compatriots had anticipated him by three years), he was the first to describe that fabled land. He was taken prisoner thirteen times and sold as a slave seventeen times. His "Peregrinations," written for the amusement of his grandchildren, were published posthumously, and had an enormous success, not only as a contribution to geographical and picaresque literature, but as a masterpiece of Portuguese prose. Among his many vivid reminiscences were close personal contacts with St. Francis Xavier and the Jesuit missionaries in Japan.

The sixteenth century, however, produced an even more remarkable Eurasian than Pinto, in Will Adams, a shipwright's labourer of Limehouse, who, in 1600, found his way "by a set of curious chances" to Japan. By force of character and native ability he gained the ear of the Shogun Iyeyasu, the Mikado's viceroy and one of the greatest rulers Japan has ever produced. Adams rose to a position of great power and magnificence, and, unlike so many adventurers in the East, does not seem to have abused it. He is still commemorated in Japan as the great Iyeyasu's Anjin Sama, or Honourable Pilot. Although he offered his services to the East India Company when it extended its operations to Nippon, his contact with the supercilious officials of John Company convinced him that there was little scope for him in the service of his own country.

A seventeenth-century gentleman of fortune to whom Mr. Thomas devotes a spirited chapter is that strangely contradictory character, William Dampier. There is no doubt that he buccannered as savagely as any man on the seas (though with little profit to himself), but in the midst of his violent career he never seems to have lost his interest in scientific investigation, and the story of his wanderings made him a literary lion whom men like Pepys and Evelyn were glad to meet.

Mr. Thomas, with few graces of style to assist him, has made a judicious and lively collection from the highways and byways of globe-trotting.

C. K. A.



MARY KINGSLEY, WHO LEFT A VICTORIAN HOME TO BECOME AN EXPLORER IN WEST AFRICA: AN ADVENTURE WITH A CROCODILE, WHICH SHE DEFEATED BY HITTING IT ON THE SNOUT WITH A PADDLE.

Reproductions from "The Untold Story of Exploration"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Harrap.



ONE OF THE HEROIC EXPLORATIONS CARRIED OUT IN THE HIMALAYAS AND TIBET BY THE "PANDITS," HINDUS IN THE SERVICE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT: NAIN SINGH BEGGING HIS WAY AFTER A TRADER HAD TRICKED HIM OUT OF HIS MONEY; AND SURVEYING AS HE WENT, IN 1865.

The "Pandits" were the Hindu explorers who brought back a wealth of scientific information about Tibet and the Himalayas in the 'sixties and 'seventies, at a time when the country was closed to all strangers and English surveyors had been forbidden to attempt to penetrate it by the Indian Government. The Pandits were extremely daring and accurate investigators.



THE ENGLISH SHIPWRIGHT'S APPRENTICE WHO BECAME AN INFLUENTIAL ADVISER OF THE FIRST GREAT TOKUGAWA SHOGUN OF JAPAN: THE FIRST INTERVIEW BETWEEN WILL ADAMS AND IYAYASU—ONE OF KURT WIESE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE UNTOLD STORY OF EXPLORATION."

\* "The Untold Story of Exploration." By Lowell Thomas, Author of "With Lawrence in Arabia," etc. With Illustrations by Kurt Wiese. (George G. Harrap and Co.; 8s. 6d.)



**"WE CAN AT ANY TIME MOBILISE 8,000,000 MEN":  
SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND THE ITALIAN LARGE-SCALE MANOEUVRES.**



THE LARGE-SCALE ITALIAN MANOEUVRES NEAR NAPLES, ATTENDED BY KING VICTOR EMANUEL AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: TROOPS ON THE MARCH; AND TRACTORS DRAWING GUNS.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI INTERESTED IN THE ITALIAN ARMY'S COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT: SPEAKING THROUGH A FIELD-RADIO SET.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AT THE ITALIAN MANOEUVRES: IL DUCE INSPECTING LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS DESIGNED TO ACCOMPANY THE INFANTRY.



THE ITALIAN BRIDGE-CARRYING TANK: THE LIGHT METAL STRUCTURE WHICH CAN BE LOWERED TO SPAN DEEP OBSTACLES—SEEN FROM BELOW.

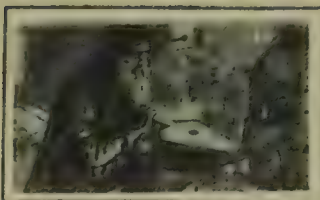


A NOVEL MILITARY MACHINE SEEN AT THE ITALIAN MANOEUVRES: A TANK CARRYING A METAL BRIDGE WHICH IT CAN QUICKLY LAY ACROSS SERIOUS OBSTACLES.

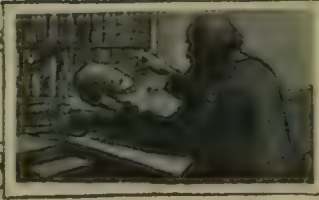
The King of Italy, Signor Mussolini, and all members of the Government of military age attended the Italian army manoeuvres which began on August 24. The Crown Prince Umberto was in command of one of the opposing forces. The manoeuvres ground was a desolate hilly region south of Naples. The new infantry weapons which made their appearance in the course of these operations included small machine-guns adaptable for anti-aircraft and anti-tank defence; mortars of 1·7 in. to 3 in. calibre; a small gun with a maximum elevation of 80 degrees; and an anti-tank gun weighing nearly 6 cwt., including its wheels. Another

feature of the manoeuvres was the "Steel Brigade"; a special mechanised force which was tested for the first time. On August 30 Signor Mussolini broadcast a message to Italy from a village in the manoeuvres area. In his speech he said: "We can at any time, in a few hours, and on a single frontier, mobilise 8,000,000 men. The armaments race cannot now be checked. We do not believe in the absurdity of perpetual peace, but we desire to live in peace and to co-operate for peace among the peoples." This speech, which was addressed to the civilian population, as well as the soldiers, has aroused widespread speculation.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE LEGEND OF THE CRUEL AND RAVENING SHREW.

THERE is, perhaps, no clearer index to the change in human psychology than that afforded by the popular attitude to the study of natural history, more particularly when we compare such remote periods as the mediæval times and the present day. Whereas to-day the study of natural history aims primarily at the acquisition of exact knowledge, in earlier times every known plant and animal appears to have been the centre of some quaint belief, superstition or legend. It may have been only a simple belief in the medicinal

and the teeth, the last-named clearly indicating its relationship with the insectivores. It is the most abundant and wisely-distributed mammal in Great Britain (but is not found in Ireland). Its habits are mainly nocturnal and usually secretive, so that we cannot speak of it as an animal of familiar appearance. Its high-pitched squeak, seemingly indicative of a nervous and excitable disposition, may often be heard, however, by those with ears capable of registering it, as a kind of whispering in the grass and undergrowth.

On the other hand, a dead shrew is quite a common rural sight. It is possible that this air of mystery surrounding its movements may have been partly responsible, in the first place, for making it the object of such disfavour.

The legend of the shrew, like many legends, undoubtedly arose as a medley of fanciful ideas founded on fact, these being distorted with telling and with the passage of time until fancy almost completely obscured fact. To begin with, shrews are of clumsy intelligence, undoubtedly very ferocious and belligerent, even towards their own kind, so much so, that they are rarely seen in pairs except when fighting or mating. For the rest of their time they wander about in single blessedness feeding on insects, worms, snails, slugs, often on carrion and, perhaps, a certain amount of vegetable matter. Occasionally they will kill and eat frogs, lizards, young mammals, even members of their own species, and they have been known to attack grass-snakes and vipers. In combats with the larger of these animals, or with members of their own species, they show themselves fighters of indomitable courage—and a female shrew

odour has been in some measure the cause of ancient prejudices concerning the supposed power of inflicting injury by the mere contact of its body.

The second point, perhaps not a strong one, is that the abundance of shrews everywhere in the country, from the low-lying country to the tops of our highest peaks, in marshland, pastureland or on rocky soil, would make it the only animal certain to be seen in the neighbourhood at some time or other, either just before or just after a horse, cow or sheep had become afflicted with some mysterious malady; even though its dead body only were found. When a scapegoat is needed what is more natural than to choose the one person or being that is invariably near at hand when a misdemeanour is committed? And since lameness or disease in cattle, to the simple mind, can only be a scourge, some malevolent influence must be sought.

The extraordinary mentality that could condemn the



1. INNOCUOUS LITTLE ANIMALS THAT USED TO BE REGARDED AS VENOMOUS AND PARTICULARLY HARMFUL TO HORSES AND CATTLE: A GROUP OF BRITISH SHREWS.

The Pygmy Shrew, the smallest British mammal, is at the bottom of the photograph on the left. It is much rarer than the Common Shrew. The bite of a shrew was formerly believed to be poisonous, and these little animals were credited with all kinds of malicious acts, and particularly with laming horses. It is true that shrews are extremely pugnacious, two being rarely seen together unless they are fighting. Enlightened modern opinion regards the shrew as beneficial to the farmer and gardener.

property of a herb; often it took the form of a complicated legend, usually from which a moral lesson could be drawn, and in most cases, as we view them through modern eyes, they appear to have had little foundation in fact. Of all living things of the countryside none has been so abundantly surrounded with legend, wild superstition and exaggerated belief as the common shrew. Many of them permit of a logical explanation, and research into them has brought forth interesting biological data, but the most picturesque among them, the legend of the venomous character of the shrew, remains a problem affording interesting speculation as to the probable psychological processes that brought it into being.

Topsell, writing in the seventeenth century, says: "The Shrew is a ravaging Beast, feigning itself gentle and tame, but, being touched, it biteth deep, and poysoneth deadly. It beareth a cruel minde, desiring to hurt any thing, neither is there any creature that it loveth, or it loveth him, because it is feared of all. The Cats, as we have said, do hunt it and kill it, but they eat not them, for if they do, they consume away in time. They go very slowly, they are fraudulent, and take their prey by deceit. Many times they gnaw the Oxes hoofs in the stable." This terrible indictment seems to express a belief of long standing since Aristotle records that the bite of a shrew is dangerous to horses and cattle. Indeed, for centuries it was firmly believed that if any horse, cattle or sheep went lame, or became paralysed or diseased, the reason was that a shrew had crawled over its body or come in contact with it in some other way, and the word "shrew," of Anglo-Saxon origin, was in common use to denote "biting" or "noxious." On the other hand, the latest pronouncement on the beast, that of Barrett-Hamilton, is that "it cannot be denied that the habits of the Common Shrew render it an animal beneficial to the farmer and gardener, and in every way worthy of protection." How, then, can we reconcile such sharply contrasting beliefs in the same animal?

It may be not without profit to examine first the animal itself. The fact that it has often been called the shrew-mouse is a clear indication of its general appearance, but although resembling a mouse in form and colour, it has many characteristics to distinguish it readily from that rodent. Chief among these are the long, tapering snout

with young will often successfully defy a cat! Casual and occasional observations of this wild ferocity would lose nothing in the telling. Further, to the minds of simple folk, the secretive habits, the cannibalism, however occasional, and the obvious unsociability would combine to produce a chain of damning evidence. Add to this the workings of a superstitious mind, a willingness to allow fantastic belief to remedy ignorance, and the inevitable human failing for "a good story," and the case against the shrew as a "ravaging Beast... desiring to hurt any thing" is more than half proven.

Not without influence in this sequence are two other



2. THE SKULL AND LOWER JAW OF THE COMMON BRITISH SHREW (ABOVE) COMPARED WITH THOSE OF A MOUSE (RIGHT)—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE INSECTIVORE AND THE RODENT CLEARLY SHOWN. (SLIGHTLY MORE THAN TWICE NATURAL SIZE.)

characteristics of the shrew. On each side of the body, about midway between the fore and hind limbs, is a scent gland from which, under the influence of fear, is emitted a pungent and obnoxious odour. So strong is this that it is often asserted that nothing will eat a shrew, and while owls and other birds are known to eat it, and carnivorous mammals occasionally will, these facts have only been established by precise observation and methods of research entirely unknown to those responsible for or believing in a legend. There can be little doubt, therefore, that this



3. THE OLD SHREW-ASH IN RICHMOND PARK: A TREE FORMERLY CREDITED WITH MAGICAL QUALITIES SUPPOSED TO BE EFFECTIVE IN HEALING AFFLICTIONS CAUSED BY SHREWS.

Once upon a time scarcely a farm-house in England but had its shrew-ash, or, at least, a twig of the tree, upon which magical qualities had been conferred by drilling a hole in the trunk and imprisoning a shrew in it. Horses or cattle that went lame and were thought to be "shrew-struck" were touched on the afflicted parts with the magical twigs.

shrew, in such terms as those used by Topsell, is even more strikingly exposed in the supposed remedy for its alleged ravages. This was as follows: An ash-tree was selected, a deep hole bored into its trunk, and into this a live shrew was thrust, the entrance to the hole being plugged and the poor beast left to die. The process appears to have been carried out with a crude ceremonial, probably to the accompaniment of suitable incantations. Thereafter every twig of the tree, for all time, possessed great healing powers, such that it was only necessary to touch the afflicted limb of cattle for the shrew-struck animal to find relief. No farmhouse could be without its twig of shrew-ash. The ash-tree itself was formerly highly esteemed for its strong curative properties and as a sure antidote to biting and venomous creatures generally. The incarceration of the shrew suggests, in addition, the primitive conviction that the vices or virtues of any being can be passed on by contact with, or the eating of, the flesh of that being.

Very few shrew-ash are known to be in existence to-day, but at least one example is to be found, fortunately, where it will be preserved as long as it remains alive. Near the Sheen Gate of Richmond Park, its decaying remains are to be seen. The trunk is almost completely gone but, as if conscious of its importance to the preservation of our folk-lore, it has thrown out several robust young stems from its base which bid fair to keep green the memory of the tree and its associations for many years to come.

MAURICE BURTON.



## A "MOME RATH" OF THE ZOO: A PET ANT-BEAR; AND FOSTER-PARENT.



AN ANT-BEAR FOLLOWING ITS MASTER LIKE A DOG: A FANTASTIC AFRICAN ANIMAL; LOOKING LIKE ONE OF TENNIEL'S MOME RATHS FROM THE PAGES OF "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS."

TWO ant-bears, or aardvarks, were recently presented to the London Zoo, the first animals of this species to be exhibited there for a number of years. The donor of these animals, Mr. K. Gandar-Dower, who has furnished us with the photographs reproduced on this page, sends the following account of them: "The Ant-bear is one of the most remarkable African animals. Its appearance—fantastic, but by no means unattractive—suggests in turn a pig, a kangaroo, and, above all, a prehistoric reptile. Though quite common, ant-bears are hardly ever seen except in the head-lights of a car, because, like the English badger, they are nocturnal in their habits. By day an ant-bear lives in one of its innumerable burrows. We were anxious to obtain a specimen for the London Zoo but the correct hole prove unexpectedly difficult to locate, and the ant-bear dug better than we

[Continued opposite.



THE YOUNG ANT-BEAR OR AARDVARK, AND ITS FOSTER-PARENT; ONE OF THE PAIR NOW IN THE LONDON ZOO.

Continued.] did. We obtained our first, a young one, ingloriously from natives. It ate quantities of eggs in milk and finely minced meat, while it thoroughly enjoyed occasional ant-hunting expeditions. At first we found it affectionate in a blind, uncomprehending way, crawling over us if we sat on the ground or following us about. Later we caught a full-grown specimen after a struggle. Two natives hanging on to its tail could not drag it from its hole until a rope had been slipped round one of its powerful hind-legs. On being seized by the tail in the open, it turned a somersault and completely winded one man. This remarkably effective trick is apparently a normal method of escape." The resemblance of the ant-bear to the Mome Raths in one of John Tenniel's famous illustrations to "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" is most striking! This, of course, depicts the creatures of the "Jabberwocky" poem.



# BABYLONIAN RELIGION IN THE AGE OF ABRAHAM (C. 2000 B.C.):

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE IRAQ EXPEDITION OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.



1. TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES OF WORSHIPPERS: TWO BEARDED MEN CARRYING KIDS TO THE TEMPLE FOR SACRIFICE; AND ONE WOMAN, THE DOTS ON HER NECK REPRESENTING A COLLAR-NECKLACE IN EVIDENCE OF GRAIN (1/2 SIZE).



2. PROOF OF THE EXTREME CARE WITH WHICH THE ANCIENT BABYLONIANS BUILT: SMALL PIECES OF BAKED BRICK CUT TO MEASURE AND PUT AT THE BOTTOM OF A RECESSED NICHE TO PREVENT THE PENETRATION OF RAIN-WATER.



3. A FORERUNNER OF POLYPHEMUS IN A BABYLONIAN RELIEF FROM KHAFAJE: A GOD DESTROYING A CYCLOPEAN DEMON OF FIRE (1/2 SIZE).



4. A SLIGHT SETTLEMENT OF THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE AT ISCHALI VISIBLE AFTER 4000 YEARS: A SLOPE IN THE PAVEMENT OF BAKED BRICKS.



5. A SUGGESTION OF TREE WORSHIP FROM KHAFAJE: A TERRA-COTTA RELIEF SHOWING A DEITY EMBRACING A SACRED PALM-TREE (1/2 SIZE).



6. THE SANCTUARY OF THE GODDESS ISHTAR-KITITUM AT ISCHALI; SHOWING ITS EXCELLENT STATE OF PRESERVATION: THE BRICK SEAT FOR THE CULT-STATUE IN THE SHRINE OF THE TEMPLE, THE TOP-LAYERS OF WHICH WERE DISCOVERED LAST YEAR.



7. THE WELL-PRESERVED SECOND COURT OF THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR-KITITUM AT ISCHALI: A PHOTOGRAPH GIVING AN IMPRESSION OF THE LARGE SCALE UPON WHICH THESE BABYLONIAN SANCTUARIES WERE PLANNED.

In his article on the page overleaf, Prof. Henry Frankfort, Director of the Iraq Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, describes the last season's work on the three ancient Babylonian sites of Ischali, Tell Asmar, and Khafaje. This article and these illustrations deal with monuments of about 2000 B.C., called the Age of Abraham; in subsequent articles Prof. Frankfort will discuss earlier groups of remains, of about 2900-2600 B.C.

and 3100 B.C. Our readers are already familiar with the three sites mentioned, and with the richness and interest of the objects recovered from them. This season's work has revealed objects connected with the popular religion of Babylonia four thousand years ago, as distinct from the official state religion, and so has served to throw light on the actual beliefs of the people. Snake worship and tree worship are both suggested—the former by

# FRESH FINDS FROM ISHCHALI, TELL ASMAR, AND KHAFAJE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE IRAQ EXPEDITION OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. SEE ALSO PROF. FRANKFORT'S ARTICLE ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.



8. A FINE CYLINDER SEAL FROM ISCHALI: THE SUN-GOD SHAMASH (RIGHT), WITH ONE FOOT ON THE "MOUNTAIN OF THE EAST"; A WORSHIPPER; THE GODDESS ISHTAR; AND ANOTHER GODDESS INTERCEDING FOR THE WORSHIPPER (R. TO L.) (IMPRESSION; SOMEWHAT ENLARGED).



10. LIGHT ON THE POPULAR RELIGION OF BABYLONIA: THE SHRINE OF THE SNAKE AT TELL ASMAR; SHOWING THE ALTAR (BACKGROUND), AND (RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE TOP OF THE POTS IN WHICH A LIVE SNAKE WAS KEPT.



11. THE TWO LARGE CAULDRON-SHAPED POTS AS FOUND IN THE SNAKE SHRINE AT TELL ASMAR; WITH DECORATION WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR AND DESCRIBED ON ANOTHER PAGE IN THIS ISSUE.

the particularly interesting find shown in Fig. 11 and on the colour page overleaf; the latter by the terra-cotta relief of Fig. 5. With regard to the cylinder seal of Fig. 8, we may supplement the description given beneath the photograph as follows. The sun-god Shamash is on the right, holding the saw with which, as supreme judge, he "cuts decisions." In front of him is a worshipper carrying a sacrificial kid, and behind the worshipper stands



9. A FRAGMENT OF A LIMESTONE STELE SHOWING THE SUN-GOD SHAMASH STEPPING WITH ONE FOOT ON THE "MOUNTAIN OF THE EAST" AT THE MOMENT OF HIS RISING: A FIND FROM A SHRINE AT ISCHALI (1/2 SIZE).



12. A FINE ALABASTER FIGURE OF A MONKEY FROM ISCHALI; THE CHEEKS AND EYES ORIGINALLY INLAID WITH LAPIS LAZULI; AN EMBLEM OF UNKNOWN MEANING WHICH COULD BE MOUNTED ON A STAFF (SLIGHTLY ENLARGED).

Ishtar in her guise as war-goddess, with ornamental mace and sickle-shaped sword, stepping with one foot on a lion. A goddess intercedes with her on behalf of the worshipper, who is no doubt the owner of the seal. The cow suckling a calf (left) may refer to the aspect of Ishtar as mother-goddess. For an interesting discussion of a possible link with Greece in the relief of Fig. 3, the reader is referred to Prof. Frankfort's article.



## RELIGION IN BABYLONIA 4000 YEARS AGO:

### EVIDENCE OF SNAKE WORSHIP AND TREE WORSHIP, AND A LINK WITH GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

By PROFESSOR HENRY FRANKFORT, Director of the Iraq Expedition  
of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

(See also the two preceding pages and the colour-page opposite.)

THE Iraq Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has continued its work on the three sites, Tell Asmar, Khafaje, and Ishchali, which are situated to the north-east of Baghdad, between the Tigris and the foot of the Persian mountains. Mr. Seton Lloyd, Mr. P. Delougaz, and Dr. Thorkild Jacobsen were in charge at the three sites respectively.

The results obtained in the campaign just concluded can best be treated together under three headings: one group, with which we deal in this first article, concerns monuments datable between 2100 and 1900 B.C., which we may call the Age of Abraham. Another group, to be discussed in a subsequent article, belongs to the age between 2900-2600 B.C.; and a third group cannot be dated with precision, but falls probably just before 3000 B.C.

The discoveries concerning the first-named period were of a very unexpected nature. Least surprising was the excellent state of preservation of the large sanctuary of Ishtar-Kititum at Ishchali, which had been discovered last year (see *Illustrated London News*, Sept. 21, 1935, page 475). It represents the most complete temple-complex of the age of Abraham which we know.

Impressive series of rooms (Figs. 7 and 13) lead up to the sanctuary (Fig. 6) where the statue of the goddess was enthroned on a brick-built seat. The structure is built of sun-dried brick, a very unsatisfactory building material, but the only one available in unlimited quantity in the Plain of the Two Rivers. Particular care had to be taken to protect the foundations from being washed out by rain-water. Open courts were well drained and the base of the walls was protected with a pavement consisting of several rows of baked bricks. Now, after four millennia, these show the influence of a settlement of the walls (Fig. 4), but their regularity shows how well the ancient architects had built. Fig. 2 shows how even the recessed niches, which served to break the monotony of the brick

walls and to emphasise important features, such as the entrance into antecella or sanctuary, were paved with specially cut pieces of baked brick.

This year's clearance produced but few objects. Some, however, turned up in a small neighbouring shrine of the same period, dedicated to the sun-god Shamash. The god appears on a fragment of a stela (Fig. 9) and on a fine cylinder seal (Fig. 8); he is shown stepping with one foot on "the mountain of the East," while holding in his hand the saw with which he "cuts decision" as highest judge. A number of tablets were found, one, unfortunately very fragmentary, containing part of the Epic of Gilgamesh, others being of a mathematical nature, others again being accounts of loans of grain granted by the god. We know that the Babylonian temples were centres of economic activity, and the fact that the Shamash temple was evidently lending seed-corn to agriculturists gains an interesting emphasis from our discovery that it was situated just inside one of the city gates.

In the same temple was found a fine alabaster figure of a monkey (Fig. 12); the cheeks and eyes had originally been inlaid with lapis lazuli. The figure no doubt served as an emblem, as it is pierced below and could be mounted on a staff; but its meaning eludes us. Yet we are dealing here with the state-religion, to which these temples were dedicated and to which the majority of our texts refer. The popular religion of Babylonia is even more difficult to understand—yet it is obviously of great interest to know what was actually believed by the people: and some of our discoveries throw an entirely new light on this subject.

One of these consisted in a small shrine at Tell Asmar (Fig. 10), discovered while we were looking for the main temple of the city, known to us from texts but which we have been unable to locate. A discovery at Khafaje explains this mystery: there we found outside the residential city a separate and strongly fortified citadel which contained the temples and public buildings; we must assume that a similar disposition was in force at Tell

Asmar. The little shrine which we found is in no way a state temple. It was surrounded by simple houses, and was itself not larger nor in any way more impressive than any of these. Inside there were four rooms: one large one, where the congregation would gather; behind this was the sanctuary proper, with the usual altar or base for the god's statue; and at one side were two subsidiary rooms. There were no inscriptions to show us the nature of the god worshipped here, but in one of the two small rooms the large cauldron-shaped pots of Fig. 11 were found, in the position shown in our photograph. Now we know that children were sometimes buried in this way in Mesopotamia. But here the pots are not dug in, but actually placed on the floor of the rooms. Moreover, we found no trace of human bones; and finally their decoration shows plainly that they were certainly not the ordinary household utensils which occasionally did service as sarcophagi. On the contrary, they are elaborately decorated in a manner for which no parallels are known; and this is shown in a facsimile drawing



13. THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS ISHTAR-KITITUM AT ISHCHALI: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARILY GOOD STATE OF PRESERVATION; WITH ORNAMENTATION OF RECESSED NICHES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOORWAY LEADING TO THE SANCTUARY, AND (BEYOND) THE BRICK SEAT UPON WHICH THE CULT-STATUE WAS PLACED.

In his article on this page Professor Henry Frankfort describes the Chicago University's latest excavations at Ishchali, Tell Asmar, and Khafaje. Further illustrations are given on the two preceding pages and on the colour-page opposite. They are numbered to correspond with the author's references.

by Miss G. Rachel Levy, reproduced on the opposite page. The chief personage in the decorations is the serpent; the tortoises and scorpions which occur together accompany him throughout Mesopotamian art. The birds and the calf occurring on the lower vessel represent the usual sacrifices for the gods, and on the rim of the upper vessel the serpent is shown devouring one of them. The meaning of the beast of prey remains obscure, but the main group of the upper vessel leaves little to the imagination. The man on the left lifts his hands in a gesture which may mean horror or adoration, while two other men wave their useless weapons as they succumb to the deadly bite of a serpent.

Now, we know that the serpent is a religious symbol; in fact, we have before now published in this journal (*I.L.N.*, July 15, 1933, p. 98, Figs. 7 and 10; June 9, 1934, p. 919) monuments on which the snake appeared as servant, adjunct or symbol of that dominating figure in the Early Babylonian pantheon who was known under a variety of names but actually personified the generative force of nature. But these elevated views about the relation between god and beast, which are well founded on texts and monuments, belong apparently to the official religion of the country. The philosophers and theologians might be of that opinion, and our sources of information are normally their texts and the monuments of official religion which they inspired. Here we have, for once, a simple product of popular faith. And we notice an entirely new feature. All other symbols which habitually indicate the god of fertility are absent here. The snake and its power is glorified as such; the term symbol seems entirely inadequate. The animal itself

is obviously considered as divine. In fact, there is great likelihood that a live snake was actually kept in these pots. We found inside the lower vessel bones of birds and small animals, some sherds, and an unbroken saucer, which presumably contained water. Here, then, we find remains of living religious usage to which our normal sources never refer!

We have, however, another group of monuments which are perhaps too little considered in this light. These are the terra-cotta figurines and reliefs which are found in great numbers whenever houses or temples of this age are excavated. The figurines mostly represent worshippers, often men carrying kids to the temple for sacrifice (Fig. 1). The reliefs seem, on the other hand, sometimes to figure the cult-statues (see *Illustrated London News*, Sept. 21, 1935, p. 475, Fig. 6) or scenes of ritualistic or mythological import. Two unique specimens, found at Khafaje, are herewith published. One (Fig. 5) shows on the right a palm-tree, to which strips of cloth are tied, a custom still observed by some Arabs and by the Yezidis in northern Iraq. The divine nature of the tree is indicated by the horned crown with which it is capped. The bearded figure next to it is, unfortunately, damaged above, so that we do not know whether it also wore the crown. But the affectionate gesture with which it embraces the tree with one arm suggests that it represents the god who was thought to dwell therein, or of whom the tree in some other way was considered to be a manifestation.

The other relief (Fig. 3) opens up entirely different perspectives. A god carrying bow and quiver subdues an antagonist, whose escape is impossible since the god not only holds him with the left hand but also stands on his foot. The fact that his hands are tied

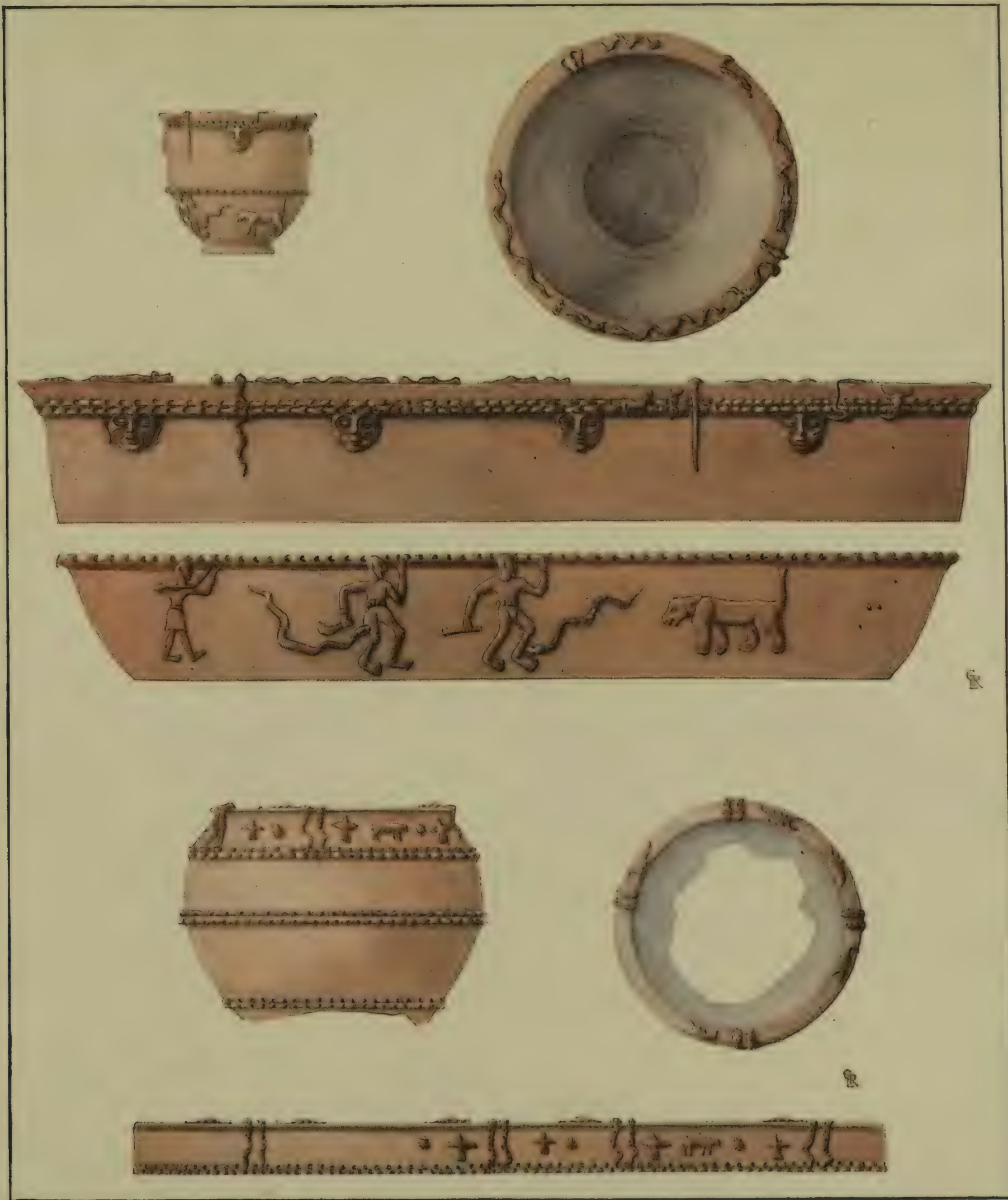
behind his back is probably not to be interpreted too literally. It is likely that the artist has used this device merely to express the fact (not otherwise easy to convey in a scene of combat) that the god's power is irresistible. In any case, it is the characterisation of the god's adversary which is of the greatest interest. His dress is a curiously bungled version of the flounced skirt which was worn in Mesopotamia in the first half of the Third Millennium, but which had entirely gone out of fashion by 2000 B.C. It merely shows that this demon is not a newcomer but belonged to the well-established figures of Babylonian mythology, although no representations of it have been found before now. Its main characteristics are the rays which emanate from its head, and the fact that it is a Cyclops. We should not be misled by the shallow depressions which the artist modelled

above the cheekbones—they are the remnants of the usual rendering of a front view from which the artist could not entirely free himself. But he has been careful to indicate with clear engraving one large eye on the forehead of the demon.

Now we are, of course, reminded at once of the Cyclops of Greek mythology, and it is important to remember that Homer's Polyphemus does not embody the complete Greek tradition concerning these creatures. The great poet has vividly portrayed an uncouth ogre, but Hesiod knew of Cyclopean sons of Uranus and Gaia, subterranean demons who forged thunderbolts for their liberator Zeus. Even Virgil (*Aen.* VIII, 246 ff.) speaks of Cyclopean assistants of Vulcan in Etna. Not only the single eye placed on the forehead connects our relief, therefore, with Greek mythology; the Cyclops is, in both cases, a being imbued with dangerous powers over fire and its forces.

We published some time ago (see *Illustrated London News*, July 22, 1933, p. 124, centre column, and p. 125, Fig. 4) evidence that the myth of Herakles and the Hydra derives from Babylonian beliefs connected with the god of fertility. Here we have another instance of the oriental origin of certain motives which the Greeks borrowed from the East. To state this fact does not diminish in any way our appreciation for the originality of the Greek mind. But it only reminds us of the fact that the Greeks were late arrivals in an ancient and highly developed civilised world, where they found much that could be used to express what, till then, they had not formulated. At the same time, it illustrates once more how our own civilisation is, through Hellas, inseparably linked with the Ancient Near East.





### ‘ SNAKE WORSHIP IN BABYLONIA IN THE AGE OF ABRAHAM <C. 2000 B.C.>:

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS OF TWO LARGE CAULDRON-SHAPED VESSELS FOUND ONE INVERTED OVER THE OTHER IN A SMALL SHRINE AMONG THE PRIVATE HOUSES AT TELL ASMAR, WITH DECORATIONS OF SNAKES ATTACKING WORSHIPPERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF SCORPIONS, A BEAST OF PREY, TORTOISES, BIRDS, AND A CALF.

Traces of actual animal worship in Babylonia are exceedingly rare, although animals were regularly used as symbols of the gods. As such they appear in the official texts that have come down to us. The vessels illustrated here, however, reflect the popular religion of the Babylonians of the age of Abraham, and, though the meaning of the large quadruped (in the main group of the upper vessel) is not explained, it seems quite clear that these decorated vessels are connected with a worship of the snake as such. The scorpions and tortoises which alternate with the snakes are habitually figured with them in Mesopotamian art. The small animals and the birds may represent the snakes' normal food, and the offerings which were presented to them. Bones

actually found inside the vessels suggest such an interpretation, for it is likely that a live snake was kept inside. On the rim of the upper vessel a snake is shown devouring one of these offerings. The masks are inexplicable, but the meaning of the three human figures in the frieze is clear enough. While the man on the left is throwing up his hands in a gesture which may denote horror as well as adoration, the two other figures fall victims to the snakes. The discovery of these most interesting vessels was made at Tell Asmar by the Iraq Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago during their recently completed campaign. The site of the discovery was a small shrine among the private houses.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY MISS G. RACHEL LEVY.





### KING CHARLES II.—IN TAPESTRY: A PORTRAIT (BY VANDERBANK AFTER LELY)

MADE UPON THE LOOMS AT MORTLAKE, WHICH WERE REVIVED BY THE KING IN 1662—A WORK THAT IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

The central feature of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich is the Queen's House. This building, miraculously spared through perilous times, takes its name from Queen Henrietta Maria, for whom it was completed by Charles I. During the great Civil War, the ancient palace of the kings at Greenwich was pillaged and despoiled by the Republicans; but the Queen's House was reserved for Oliver Cromwell, and was thus available again at the Restoration for Henrietta Maria, when she returned there during her widowhood. The new King, her son, Charles II., used frequently to visit her there; and on one occasion escaped the wiles of the assassins, who were plotting to kill him as he returned to London, by altering his plans and prolonging his residence at Greenwich. It is therefore appropriate that among the treasures of the Queen's House should be included a portrait of Charles II., and

doubly appropriate when it is remembered that no English King was ever more conscious of the dependence of his island realm on sea power; no King more ready to recognise at all times the claims of his Navies, both Royal and Mercantile. The portrait, recently acquired by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, was at one time the property of the Marchioness of Ereadalbane. It is a tapestry portrait, and was worked upon the looms at Mortlake, which were revived by Charles II. in 1662, and put under the direction of John Vanderbank. The tapestry workers followed a portrait of the King by Sir Peter Lely; and, although evidence is lacking to prove that Charles II. gave it to her, it is safe to assume that the Queen-Mother would inspect it with interest. In short, the tapestry portrait may be returning to the little palace for which it was designed.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL TAPESTRY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



# WAR-TORN SPAIN: STRIFE AND RUIN IN WIDELY SUNDERED LOCALITIES.



GUERRILLA TACTICS IN THE SARAGOSSA DISTRICT: GOVERNMENT MILITIAMEN, ARRIVING SUDDENLY IN MOTOR-VEHICLES, MAKING A SURPRISE ATTACK ON A FARM HELD BY REBELS.



BRIDGE-WRECKING AS A PHASE OF GUERRILLA WARFARE NEAR SARAGOSSA, A CITY HELD BY THE INSURGENTS: A BRIDGE OVER A RIVER DYNAMITED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS AND THUS DESTROYED.



AN AMAZING BATTLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE HEAT OF ACTION DURING A REBEL ATTACK ON A GOVERNMENT POSITION NEAR SOMOSIERRA: THE VICTORIOUS REBELS REACHING THE CREST OF A HILL, AND DEFENDERS SURRENDERING—ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE INCIDENT ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 395.



EFFECTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT THAT PRECEDED THE CAPTURE OF BADAJOZ BY THE REBELS: WRECKAGE OF A TANK AND LORRIES ON A TORN-UP ROAD BETWEEN THAT TOWN AND MERIDA.



CHURCH-WRECKING BY COMMUNIST SUPPORTERS OF THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT AGAINST THE REBELS: HAVOC IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. PETER AT MEZONZO, NEAR CORUNNA, A CITY FAMOUS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

These illustrations, taken at widely separated places in Spain, indicate the vast extent of the civil war, which may indeed be said to have involved the whole country in fratricidal strife, and has caused enormous damage to buildings and other property. Saragossa, near which city the two top photographs were taken, is in the north-east, and is an important rebel stronghold. Somosierra is some fifty miles north of Madrid, on the hotly disputed Guadarrama front. The dramatic photograph in the centre, taken during an action on a neighbouring hill,

shows from a different angle the same incident as that on page 395. The left-hand lower photograph was taken on the road between Merida and Badajoz shortly after the entry of the rebel forces into those towns, which are situated in the south-west. Mezonzo, where the parish church was wrecked (as shown in the lower right-hand illustration), is in the extreme north-west, near Corunna. That port is famous in English history. The Armada sailed from it in 1588: Drake took it in 1589; and in 1809 it saw the victory and death of Sir John Moore



## SPANISH REBEL FORCES FROM MOROCCO : LEGIONARIES ; MOORISH TROOPS.



TROOPS OF THE SPANISH LEGION, BROUGHT OVER FROM MOROCCO, PASSING THROUGH A TOWN IN ANDALUSIA, IN SOUTHERN SPAIN, ON THE WAY TO THE MADRID FRONT : LORRY-LOADS OF LEGIONARIES CHEERED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD LINING THE STREETS.



MOORISH REGULARS IN THE SERVICE OF THE SPANISH REBELS LANDING FROM AIRCRAFT AT AN AERODROME IN SPAIN : ADDITIONS TO A FORCE LATELY REPORTED TO HAVE FALLEN OFF IN RECRUITING THROUGH DISSATISFACTION IN MOROCCO, STIMULATED BY SPANISH GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA.

The Spanish Legion, usually quartered in Morocco, has been active on the rebel side in the civil war. A photograph on our double-page, for example, shows a mule battery of the Legion that joined in the rebel attack on San Martial, on the Irun front in the extreme north of Spain. The rebel command has also brought over from Morocco, by air, an increasing number of native Moroccan troops, as noted in our last issue, where we mentioned reports that certain of these native levies had waged war in such manner that the rebels themselves became alarmed lest they should get out of control. This use of Moroccans to

fight Spaniards alienated foreign sympathy for the insurgent cause, and the rebel leaders have been criticised as having thereby incurred a "terrifying responsibility." It has since been stated that much discontent has arisen among the natives in the Spanish zone of Morocco; who complain that promises made by the rebels to African soldiers serving in Spain have not been kept, notably regarding subsistence allowances for their families. The Spanish Government has sought to spread this unrest by scattering from aircraft leaflets printed in Arabic calling on the natives to rise against the rebel military authorities.



# THE SURRENDER: DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY ON A SPANISH BATTLEFIELD.



THE INSURGENTS CAPTURE A KEY POSITION ON THE GUADARRAMA FRONT: SPANISH GOVERNMENT TROOPS PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE ACT OF SURRENDERING TO REBEL RIFLEMEN WHO HAVE JUST REACHED A HILL-TOP AT SOMOSIERRA.

War photography could hardly show a more amazing example of a dramatic moment caught by the camera on a battlefield than that reproduced on this page. A note supplied with it states that it was taken when the insurgents carried out a successful attack on Government troops entrenched on the crest of a hill near Somosierra, in northern Spain, and shows the actual capture of the position. Men of the Government force are seen raising their hands in surrender to rebels, armed with rifles, who have just reached the top and surrounded them. In the foreground are two of the fallen. Somosierra is situated about fifty miles north of Madrid, at a break

in the mountains, between the Sierra de Guadarrama and the Sierra de Ayllon. The mountain barrier in that district is of great importance to the defence of the capital, and the Guadarrama front has lately been the scene of severe fighting. On August 6, it may be recalled, General Mola, commanding the rebels in the north, claimed a success at Somosierra, and his men could see Madrid from positions on the southern slopes of the Guadarrama range. On the 25th it was reported that on the Guadarrama front a regular air battle had taken place on the previous day for the first time in the civil war.



# THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: OPPOSING FORCES IN THE CRITICAL NORTHERN STRUGGLE, NEAR IRUN AND SAN SEBASTIAN.



AIRCRAFT ON THE GOVERNMENT SIDE: AN AIRCRAFT AT IRUN TAKING ABOARD A SUPPLY OF MACHINE-GUN BELTS, BEFORE STARTING ON A FLIGHT OVER THE FRONT.



AN AIR DISASTER ON THE REBEL SIDE: THE BURNT-OUT WRECK OF AN INSURGENT AIRCRAFT WHICH HAD BEEN BROUGHT DOWN NEAR IRUN BY GOVERNMENT AIRCRAFT.



DEFENDERS OF IRUN, FROM WHICH 3000 WOMEN AND CHILDREN REFUGEES RECENTLY FLED ACROSS THE FRENCH FRONTIER, UNDER THREAT OF REBEL AIR RAIDS: SPANISH GOVERNMENT TROOPS ADVANCING OVER A BARRICADE OF SANDBAGS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.



AN INCIDENT IN THE REBEL BOMBARDMENT OF SAN SEBASTIAN: GOVERNMENT MILITIAMEN CAREFULLY OBSERVING AN UNEXPLODED SHELL EMBEDDED IN THE SOIL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.



IN A TOWN OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS DURING THEIR ADVANCE TOWARDS IRUN: EFFECTS OF BOMBARDMENT AT OYARZUN—A DAMAGED BUILDING WITH TWO MEMBERS OF THE INSURGENT FORCE.



A MULE AMMUNITION COLUMN ON A MOUNTAIN TRACK ON THE WAY TO OYARZUN, THEN THE MOST ADVANCED STRONGHOLD OF THE REBELS IN THE DIRECTION OF IRUN.



ARTILLERY FOR THE REBEL ATTACK ON SAN MARTIAL: A MULE BATTERY OF THE SPANISH LEGION FROM MOROCCO ASCENDING A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

In the extreme north of Spain, the rebel forces have long been making strenuous efforts to capture San Sebastian, the well-known coast resort, and the town of Irun, some miles to the east and close to the frontier of France. At the moment of writing, the latest news of the situation in this district is given by two "Daily Telegraph" correspondents. In his message sent on August 31, Mr. Pembroke Stephens said: "By the unexpected capture this morning of Mount Buruteta, the last great natural defence before San Sebastian, the insurgents have achieved a success compensating them for their

failure to take San Martial, which bars the way to Irun, at the other extremity of the 12-miles front. Only five miles of undulating country, with unimportant hills, now lie between them and San Sebastian. The Government forces, concentrating all their attention on the defence of Irun, were taken unawares. One insurgent column, marching at night, seized an adjoining mountain to the west and the village of Orcia, behind Mount Buruteta. Another, taking advantage of a deep cleft in the side of the mountain, advanced along it and surprised the defenders with a dawn attack. Blue-clad



CIVIL WAR IN THE HILLS AND VALLEYS NEAR THE NORTHERN COAST OF SPAIN: A GENERAL VIEW OVER A STRETCH OF COUNTRY HELD BY THE INSURGENT FORCES, SHOWING A NUMBER OF SHELLS BURSTING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF IRUN, ONE OF THEIR CHIEF OBJECTIVES.

Fascist volunteers stormed trenches, barbed-wire defences, and machine-gun posts at the point of the bayonet. . . . I climbed to the summit of the threatened town has been pitiful. In a message from Hendaye, on the French side of the frontier near Irun, Mr. Christopher Martin wrote on August 31: "Following the insurgents' warning last night that San Sebastian and Irun would be bombed, about 3000 women and children streamed across the frontier into France to-day. . . . Their menfolk have remained to defend Irun and San Sebastian. . . . This afternoon the battle was resumed, but with diminishing intensity. It is perhaps the last phase of the fight for Irun."

perils of bombardment, by sea and air, the plight of the civilian population in the threatened towns has been pitiful. In a message from Hendaye, on the French side of the frontier near Irun, Mr. Christopher Martin wrote on August 31: "Following the insurgents' warning last night that San Sebastian and Irun would be bombed, about 3000 women and children streamed across the frontier into France to-day. . . . Their menfolk have remained to defend Irun and San Sebastian. . . . This afternoon the battle was resumed, but with diminishing intensity. It is perhaps the last phase of the fight for Irun."



# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF NOTE.



THE FIRST KING EDWARD VIII. POSTAGE STAMPS TO BE ON SALE: THREE DENOMINATIONS OF THE NEW ISSUE; BEARING A REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS MAJESTY.

Stamps of three denominations of the new issue of postage stamps bearing the head of King Edward VIII. were put on sale on September 1. They were the 1d., 1½d., and 2½d. The 1d., it was stated, would be on sale in the middle of September. The head of the King is reproduced from a photograph. The stamps are printed on rotary presses by the same photogravure process as has been employed since August 1934. As with all regular issues of stamps for Great Britain, they do not bear the name of the country of origin. Practically no other Government now issues stamps without the name of the country of origin.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN VANCOUVER ISLAND: SIR PERCY VINCENT PLANTING AN ENGLISH OAK AT BEACON HILL PARK.

The Lord Mayor of London left Vancouver on August 20, after attending the Jubilee celebrations there, and crossed to Victoria, Vancouver Island. Here he visited the Prince of Wales's Fairbridge Farm school, at Cowichan, on August 21. On the following day the Lord Mayor and his party went to Beacon Hill Park, where a distinguished company gathered to watch him plant an English oak-tree in the Mayor's Grove, which has been set apart for the growing of trees planted by distinguished visitors.



A BEN MARSHALL DISCOVERY: A FINE PAINTING OF MR. DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN, WHICH HAS COME TO LIGHT AT BATH.

A hitherto unknown portrait by the famous sporting artist, Ben Marshall, was discovered recently in one of the older houses in Bath. It is to be exhibited at the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House. It is a portrait of Duncan George Forbes of Culloiden (1781-1842) hunting his own pack there. It is signed and dated 1805. Until the picture was found, it was not known that Ben Marshall had ever been to Culloiden. It is considered to be one of the finest Marshalls in existence.



THE MISHAP TO THE KING'S HOLIDAY YACHT AT CHALKIS, IN GREECE: THE SWING BRIDGE WITH WHICH THE "NAHLIN" COLLIDED, WITHOUT ANY SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

A mishap occurred on August 31 to the yacht "Nahlin," in which the King is taking his holiday in the Mediterranean. She collided with a bridge at Chalkis. The vessel was only slightly damaged, and nobody was injured. King Edward, it is stated, was on deck himself, and took a number of photographs. The accident occurred while the "Nahlin" was passing through the narrow channel between Euboea and the mainland, which is notorious for its erratic currents.



THE VISIT OF GENERAL RYDZ-SMIGLY TO PARIS—AN OCCASION OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE: THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE POLISH ARMY WELCOMED BY M. DALADIER, THE FRENCH WAR MINISTER, AT THE WAR MINISTRY.

General Rydz-Smigly, the Inspector-General of the Polish Army, arrived in Paris on August 30, on a week's visit. He was received at the Quai d'Orsay and the War Office, and later left to watch the French Army manoeuvres between Rheims and Chalons. His visit was generally taken to indicate an improvement in Franco-Polish relations, and, possibly, as being connected with the rearmament of Poland.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REICHSBANK PAYS A "VISIT OF COURTESY" TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF FRANCE, IN PARIS: DR. SCHACHT (RIGHT) TALKING TO M. LABEYRIE.

Dr. Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, arrived in Paris on August 25, on what was termed a "visit of courtesy" to the Governor of the Bank of France. He had conversations with M. Blum and other ministers. His mission, it appears, was to discuss "currency alignment"; and, it also appears, he touched on the question of the return of German colonies. He went back to Berlin on August 28, and subsequently flew to Bayreuth to make a report to Herr Hitler.



# THE "QUEEN MARY" WINS THE BLUE RIBAND: A RECORD ATLANTIC PASSAGE.



THE "Queen Mary" regained for Britain the Blue Riband of the Atlantic when, at 8.12 p.m. on August 30, she passed the Bishop Rock in the Scilly Isles on her homeward voyage after having covered the 2939 miles from the Ambrose Light, New York, in 3 days 23 hours 57 minutes, thus beating the previous record for the eastward passage, made by the French liner "Normandie," by 3 hours 31 minutes. The "Queen Mary's" average speed for the voyage was 30.63 knots, compared with the "Normandie's" 30.31. Only a week before, it will be recalled, the "Queen Mary" had broken the record for the westward crossing with a time of 4 days 27 minutes (from the Bishop Rock to the Ambrose Lightship) at an average speed of 30.14 knots. The "Normandie," on her maiden voyage last year, made the westward passage at an average speed of 29.94 knots. When noting the "Queen Mary's" westward record in



our last issue, with illustrations of earlier Atlantic crossings and their times, we pointed out that, in order to capture the Blue Riband, she would have to perform the homeward run at an average speed exceeding 30.31 knots. This feat, as mentioned above, she triumphantly accomplished, in spite of fog on her last lap. There was great excitement among the passengers as the ship neared the Bishop Rock lighthouse, marking the eastern end of the officially recognised "record course." She left Southampton for New York on August 19, and thus she completed the double journey in 11 days. On her arrival back at Southampton she received a welcome such as that port had never before seen. The shores were thronged with cheering crowds, sirens sounded, and aircraft roared overhead, while scores of pleasure-boats and steamers packed with holiday-makers escorted the "Queen Mary" to her berth in the Ocean Dock.

THE FIRST ATLANTIC CROSSING BY SEA IN UNDER FOUR DAYS: (UPPER PHOTOGRAPH) THE "QUEEN MARY" ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON AFTER HER RECORD RUN; (LOWER) AN AIR VIEW OF THE GREAT LINER ENTERING THE OCEAN DOCK, AIDED BY TUGS.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**TROTSKY'S POSITION IN NORWAY:** THE FORMER BOLSHEVIK LEADER (RIGHT) WHOSE EXPULSION THE SOVIETS HAVE DEMANDED, ALLEGING HIM TO HAVE BEEN CONCERNED IN PLOTS AGAINST STALIN.

The Soviet Government demanded the expulsion of Trotsky from Norway, as a sequel to the "Trotskyist plot" trials in Moscow. The Norwegian Government, however, decided to allow Trotsky and his wife to remain in Norway, provided they gave up their private villa at Hoenefoss, lived in a place selected by the Government, made no use of the telephone, received no visitors except those permitted by the Government, had their mail supervised, and did not move without a police guard.



**DAME ADELAIDE ANDERSON.**  
Late Principal Lady Inspector of Factories. Died August 28; aged seventy-three. Appointed one of the first women Factory Inspectors, 1894. Wrote "Women in the Factory; an Administrative Adventure." Member, Commission on Child Labour, Shanghai.



**M. TITULESCU.**  
Dismissed from his post of Rumanian Foreign Minister on August 30 after having held high office almost continuously for twenty years. Known as a champion of the policy of close understanding with France. Was absent in France at the time.



**MME. ADAM.**  
Mme. Adam, whose salon was celebrated in French political and literary circles since she instituted it in 1864, died on August 23; aged 100. She founded the "Nouvelle Revue," in 1879. She wrote seven volumes of "Souvenirs," besides novels.

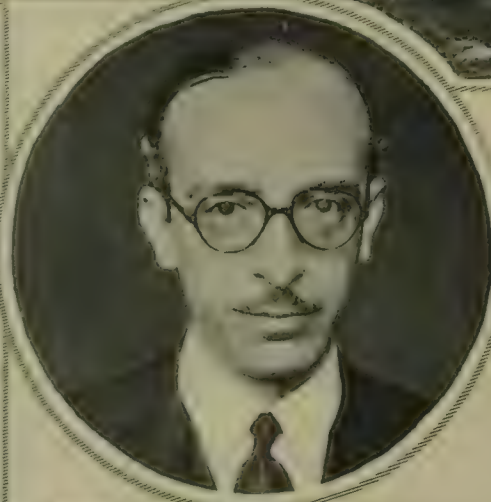


**TROTSKY'S HOUSE IN NORWAY,** WHICH THE AUTHORITIES HAVE ASKED HIM TO LEAVE AS A CONDITION OF HIS RECEIVING FURTHER ASYLUM IN THE COUNTRY: THE VILLA AT HOENEFOS, NOT FAR FROM OSLO.



**M. MARCEL ROSENBERG.**

M. Marcel Rosenberg, the new Russian Ambassador to the Spanish Republic, and the first Soviet Ambassador ever to set foot in Spain, recently reached Madrid by air. He was formerly the Soviets' permanent League of Nations delegate in Geneva. The late M. Lunacharsky was the first Soviet Ambassador to Madrid, but was unable to take up his post.



**SEÑOR LOPEZ OLIVAN.**

Señor Olivan, the Spanish Ambassador to this country, resigned his post on August 28. He arrived in London less than two months ago, and presented his letters of credence to the King on July 14. He was one of the Spanish delegates to the World Economic Conference in London, 1933. He was formerly Spanish Minister in Berne.



**GENERAL VITOVTA PUTNA.**

According to a Reuter message from Moscow, General Vitovta Putna, the Soviet military attaché in London, was arrested recently, and charged with complicity in the "Trotskyist plot" against Stalin. It was stated that during the Zinovieff-Kameneff trial one of the prisoners alleged that General Putna had had relations with Trotsky.



**M. ALEXANDRE OSERSKY.**

It was stated on August 29 that M. Osersky, head of the Soviet Trading Delegation in Great Britain, had been recalled to Moscow, and his post in London filled. His recall was widely taken to be connected with the investigations into the "Trotskyist plot." This, however, was denied by the Russian Embassy in London. He was also said to be returning to London.



**A FORMER RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON TO BE TRIED FOR "TROTSKYIST" CONSPIRACY: M. SOKOLNIKOFF; WITH MME. SOKOLNIKOFF.**

It was announced on August 21 that M. Grigory Sokolnikoff, a former Soviet Ambassador in London, had been arrested and charged with treason in connection with the "Trotskyist plot" trials in Moscow. Mme. Sokolnikoff, following her husband's arrest, was expelled from the Communist party; and was also expelled from the Society of Soviet Authors. She is the writer of a book giving a derisive account of her experiences as a diplomatic hostess in London.





FROM A PAINTING BY TERRICK WILLIAMS, R.A.  
A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. L., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 C.F.H.



# —GRACE LINE—



THE OUTDOOR, TILED SWIMMING POOL ON A NEW GRACE "SANTA" LINER, PHOTOGRAPHED AT NIGHT

## *American Cruises*

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# The World of the Kinema.

## THREE NEW BRITISH PICTURES.

ALTHOUGH an inclement summer may save its face by making tardy amends with a golden September, the autumn season is upon us. It has, indeed, got well under way in the kinemas with a trio of new productions from British studios, all three of totally different calibre, yet each of them possessing qualities that should ensure their popularity. At the Leicester Square Theatre a fantastic piece from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells empties a formidable bag of conjuring tricks on to the screen in "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," an Alexander Korda production that turns a corner of provincial England into a veritable magician's paradise. Mr. Wells, of course, has packed any amount of thought into the chariot he drives into the stars, but from the point of view of serious, albeit satirical, intention, I think he has put a spoke into its wheel by advancing an extravagant hypothesis which in itself discounts all argument. Three celestial beings with a very poor opinion of mankind decide on an experiment — no less than the gift of almost unlimited miraculous powers bestowed on an "ordinary little fellow." The finger of fate lights on a draper's assistant, who has no notion what to do with this unsolicited favour from above and very naturally makes a mess of things, even to blowing the poor old world to smithereens by bidding it halt in its rotation. So natural, in fact, is the result of entrusting something akin to divine omnipotence to a man lacking every qualification for so mighty a burden, that the undercurrent of Wellsian commentary on greed, stupidity, and misguided idealism is lost in the joke of the thing. And the joke, like the impressive exhibition of photographic jugglery, seems a trifle prolonged before the unfortunate miracle-man has his shot at reshaping the world and reduces his Utopia to chaos. Yet he has made his attempt, and the more hopeful of the celestials detects in the "ordinary little fellow" symptoms of an awakening apprehension of the needs of the world. I confess I could not discover them in the humble, bewildered little draper's assistant, but I take a celestial's word for it. Undoubtedly truth, with a caustic edge to it, emerges from the

respectively—transform the author's mouthpieces into a couple of amusing character-studies.

Mr. Edwin Greenwood's screen play "East Meets West," presented at the New Gallery, is frankly designed to set Mr. George Arliss spinning his diplomatic webs once again and fulfils its purpose admirably. Disraeli in a turban,

traffic in liquor. These sidelights have their appointed place in the scheme of the play. They derive strength from the emotional sincerity of Miss Lucie Mannheim (whose accent we must perforce accept as French) and a strong portrayal of the hard-drinking Customs officer by Mr. Ronald Ward. There is, too, a clean-cut little cameo of a level-headed Scottish doctor by Mr. John Laurie to add its note of pawky humour to this picturesque production from the Gaumont-British studios.

Neither magic nor diplomacy plays a part in yet another Gaumont-British picture, "It's Love Again" (Tivoli), unless it be the magic of supremely graceful youth and the diplomacy of a little chorus girl determined, by hook or by crook, to scale the ladder to fame! The ascent, it must be admitted, has been made, with varying adventures on the way, by numberless heroines of screen musical comedy, nor is it unusual for the climber to masquerade as a celebrity in order to emerge from obscurity. But the theme has been so dexterously handled in this entertaining piece that it has acquired a joyous impetus entirely in harmony with the play's enchanting star, Miss Jessie Matthews. Her borrowed plumes belong to a "Mrs. Smythe-Smythe," whose recent arrival from India with a reputation as a breaker of hearts and a huntress of tigers is front-page news. Her identity is wrapped in mystery, until Miss Matthews assumes it. Her publicity is phenomenal, thanks to the efforts of two young gossip-writers, to whose inventive brains the glamorous visitor from the East owes her existence and her history. Fortunately for the

heroine, love takes a hand in the game; the publicity continues, the "stunts" grow in daring. Miss Matthews interprets temple dances with a decided tendency towards jazz rhythm. She rides a camel in the Row and parachutes, most unwillingly, from an aeroplane. Finally, she is launched in a big musical show by the very impresario who turned a deaf ear to the unknown chorus girl, and when the bubble bursts her talent is established. Mr. Ernest Milton, who, in the opening chapters of this merry tale, swiftly establishes a delightful comedy characterisation of a *blasé* and harassed producer, welcomes "Mrs. Smythe-Smythe's" understudy with an enthusiasm which the public will undoubtedly emulate. For Miss Jessie Matthews is lovely, gay, and vital. Her dancing, be it in rumba, Europeanised temple, or tap-dance, has an exquisite flow of line and gesture. Here is the poetry of motion made manifest.

The resourceful Mr. Sonnie Hale drops his genial absurdities neatly into place, and Mr. Robert Young supplies his special brand of easy romance.



JESSIE MATTHEWS IN HER NEW FILM, "IT'S LOVE AGAIN," AT THE TIVOLI—AS ELAINE BRADFORD, THE CHORUS GIRL WHO FIGHTS HER WAY TO STAGE FAME WITH HER WITS AND DARING.

Rothschild driving a shrewd bargain in an Oriental palace, Richelieu disguised as the "Sultan of Renang"—what's in a name? It suffices that Mr. Arliss, a potentate whose strip of waterfront offers important harbourage to his Eastern and his Western neighbours, should pit his brains against Sir Henry Mallory, Britain's representative, and Dr. Shagu, emissary of a nebulous but undoubtedly Oriental Power, and, by baiting his lines with both of them, should land a cool couple of millions whilst conceding not an inch of his own territory or his coveted river.

Handsomely decorated à l'Orientale, interlarded with the romance of the Sultan's handsome, Oxford-educated son and a lady of French extraction, whipped up by the drama of a liquor-smuggling Customs officer (incidentally the French lady's husband and, I regret to say, an Englishman), Mr. Greenwood's yarn is entertaining, well written, and full of action. Weighting his scales with shrewd humour, he keeps the balance even

between Government House on the one side and Sultan's Palace on the other of the disputed waters, where Dr. Shagu's gunboat lies. Dignity prevails on both banks. The triangular battle of wits is politely conducted by Mr. Godfrey Tearle, pillar of British integrity; Mr. Romney Brent, imbued with Oriental craft; and Mr. Arliss, his own astute, urbane self. Though his formula does not vary, and the twists of the classic game he plays will, we know, inevitably involve him in such things as the guidance of romantic, hot-headed youth, the confrontation of peril to himself and his plans—in this case a revolution of his subjects, stirred up by his own son—and, above all, in the art of polite bluff, it is always a joy to watch the actor timing his effects with beautiful precision. "East Meets West," fluently directed by Mr. Herbert Mason, buttresses the Arliss motif with a story of domestic infelicity and a glimpse of illicit



"THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES," THE NEW H. G. WELLS FILM AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: MR. FOTHERINGAY (ROLAND YOUNG), A DRAPER'S ASSISTANT, DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS SUPERNATURAL GIFTS, AND IS ASTOUNDED AT THE RESULTS; INCLUDING THIS LEVITATION.

Mr. Fotheringay, a draper's assistant, is endowed by three capricious supernatural beings with the power to work miracles. He performs a number of astonishing tricks, turns his young lady into Cleopatra, and thwarts the peppery Colonel Winstanley. But inextricable confusion results when he sets out to make the world conform to his own ideas.

successive efforts of the materialist and the idealist to use the miracle-worker for their own ends, the while the old "die-hard" seeks to exterminate him.

Mr. Wells has something to say from the pulpit of the screen to which it behoves us to pay attention. But with the emphasis on the comic side of the situation, it is no easy matter to sort the grain from the chaff. The picture then, handled in a comedy vein by the director, Mr. Lothar Mendes, yields a good crop of laughter and carries the magic of the camera, under the guidance of that master-magician Mr. Ned Mann, blithely into the realms of the miraculous. The central figure is delightfully portrayed by Mr. Roland Young, who strikes the right note of unforced humour as he fumbles his way to a dim perception of his power. Mr. Ralph Richardson's peppery old colonel, disgusted with miracles that turn his whisky into water and his swords into ploughshares, stands foursquare and solid in the midst of phantasmata, whilst Mr. Edward Chapman and Mr. Ernest Thesiger materialist and idealist



"EAST MEETS WEST," AT THE NEW GALLERY: GEORGE ARLISS, AS THE SULTAN OF RENANG, A CUNNING ORIENTAL POTENTATE WHO IS INVOLVED WITH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN NEGOTIATIONS OVER AN IMPORTANT HARBOUR IN HIS TERRITORY.

Three personalities are involved in the intrigues over the important harbour and potential naval base at Renang. The Sultan is fencing with Sir Henry Mallory (Godfrey Tearle), the British diplomat, and Dr. Shagu (Romney Brent), representative of a foreign power. The Sultan's handsome son, Nezim (Ballard Berkeley)—an Oxonian—is also involved with Marguerite (Lucie Mannheim), wife of Carter (Ronald Ward), a British Customs officer of unpleasant character.



## ENGLISH REGALIA. II.—FROM THE DAYS OF KING

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



REPLICAS OF THE CROWN AND SCEPTRE OF HENRY VI. [1422-1461; LEFT] AND THOSE OF HIS QUEEN, MARGARET OF ANJOU.



THE CROWN AND ORB OF EDWARD IV. [1461-1483]; HIS SCEPTRE (LEFT); THE SCEPTRE OF HIS QUEEN; AND THE CROWN OF EDWARD V. [1483; RIGHT].



THE CROWN OF EDWARD VI. [1547-1553]; HIS ORB (LEFT), AND SCEPTRE (BELOW); AND THE ORB AND SCEPTRE OF MARY [1553-1558].



THE STATE CROWN OF ELIZABETH I. [1558-1603]; HER SCEPTRE; AND (BELOW) A TYPICAL SMALL, "DRESS" CROWN OF THE TYPE OFTEN WORN BY HER.

IN our last issue we gave a number of photographs of Mr. Max Berman's remarkable replicas of English regalia, covering the period extending from William the Conqueror to King Henry V. We here show a second series of replicas—from the days of King Henry VI. to those of King Edward VIII. Some of these replicas are silver gilt; others are of the finest gilt metal. Great care has been taken to make the replicas historically correct. It will be observed, for instance, that in all the older crowns (notably in those illustrated in our last issue) the stones are cut *en cabochon*—that is, smoothly rounded, as carbuncles and opals are still, and highly polished. Before the fourteenth century precious stones were almost invariably treated in this way; and plane faceted cutting, the process which gives gems the sparkle which is nowadays taken to be their most attractive characteristic, is altogether modern. There are no faceted stones on the older regalia on these pages. The following are the authorities on which the replicas were based. The crown of Henry VI. is derived from an old portrait of the King, and the sceptre from an old engraving of the presentation of a sword to John Talbot. The crown and sceptre of his Queen, Margaret of Anjou, are from a stained-glass window at Angers. The crown of Edward IV. is from a manuscript in the Lambeth Library, and the orb and sceptre are from that king's Great Seal. Richard the Third's crown is taken from an old engraving, and the orb and sceptre



REPLICAS OF MODERN REGALIA: THE KING'S STATE CROWN; WITH THE SCEPTRE BEARING THE DOVE.

## HENRY VI. TO THOSE OF H.M. KING EDWARD VIII.

BY COURTESY OF MR. MAX BERMAN, THE OWNER OF THE REPLICAS.



THE CROWN, ORB, AND SCEPTRE OF RICHARD III. [1483-1485; LEFT]; AND THE CROWN AND SCEPTRE (BELOW) OF HIS QUEEN, ANNE.



THE CROWN AND ORB OF HENRY VII. [1485-1509; LEFT]; HIS SCEPTRE (BELOW); AND THE CROWN, ORB, AND SCEPTRE OF HENRY VIII. [1509-1547].



THE CROWN, ORB, AND SCEPTRE OF JAMES I. [1603-1625]; AND (RIGHT) THE CROWN OF HIS QUEEN, ANNE OF DENMARK.



THE CROWN, ORB, AND SCEPTRE OF CHARLES I. [1625-1649]; AND (RIGHT) THE CROWN OF HIS QUEEN, HENRIETTA MARIA.



ST. EDWARD'S CROWN, THE FORM OF WHICH HAS REMAINED BASICALLY UNCHANGED SINCE THE REGALIA WERE REMADE FOR CHARLES II.; AND OTHER MODERN REGALIA.

*(Continued)* are from his Great Seal. The crown and sceptre of his Queen, Anne, are from an old engraving. Henry the Seventh's crown is taken from a painting of his marriage by Jan Mabuse; the orb and sceptre are from his Great Seal. Henry the Eighth's crown, orb, and sceptre are all from his Great Seal. Edward the Sixth's crown is from a contemporary shilling. It is stated to have been of very small value—being reckoned at a paltry sum in the neighbourhood of £73! Queen Elizabeth's "dress" crown is of the type seen in many of her portraits, worn above an extravagant coiffure bedizened with numbers of pearls. The replica of James the First's crown is from a painting by Van Somer. His Queen's crown is taken from a contemporary engraving. Charles the First's crown and that of Queen Henrietta Maria are from portraits by Van Dyck. This was the crown which was inventoried at £1023 at the time of the Cromwellian valuation. The Crown Jewels were then dispersed; but at the Restoration the crown was ordered to be remade as nearly as possible to the pattern of the ancient crown worn by kings up to Charles I. This is the St. Edward's crown, the form of which has remained basically unchanged down to our own day. Some of the jewels in the regalia have been changed, notably when the famous Cullinan diamonds were added, but, generally speaking, the form of the regalia has remained the same since the time of Charles II.—hence the apparent "gap" in the collection between Charles I. and Edward VIII.

(Continued opposite)



# BETWEEN THE TIDE-MARKS: BEAUTIES OF THE SHORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



MOULDED BY THE RECEDING TIDE: AN ENQUIRTE SAND-PATTERN RECALLING SOME FEATHERY SEAWEED.



THE RISING TIDE: CRESTED FOAM CREEPING OVER RIPLE-MARKED SAND ON A VERY GENTLY SHELVEING BEACH.



THE FORESHORE BETWEEN THE TIDE-MARKS: THE SAND-PATTERNS FORMED BY THE WAVES THROWN INTO RELIEF BY BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

Though these photographs were taken on the southern shore of the North Sea, they evoke memories of our own beaches, where holiday-makers are still thronging. After high tide along the shallow German and Frisian coasts of the North Sea, there always appears a strip of sand and mud called the "Watt," intersected by river-like

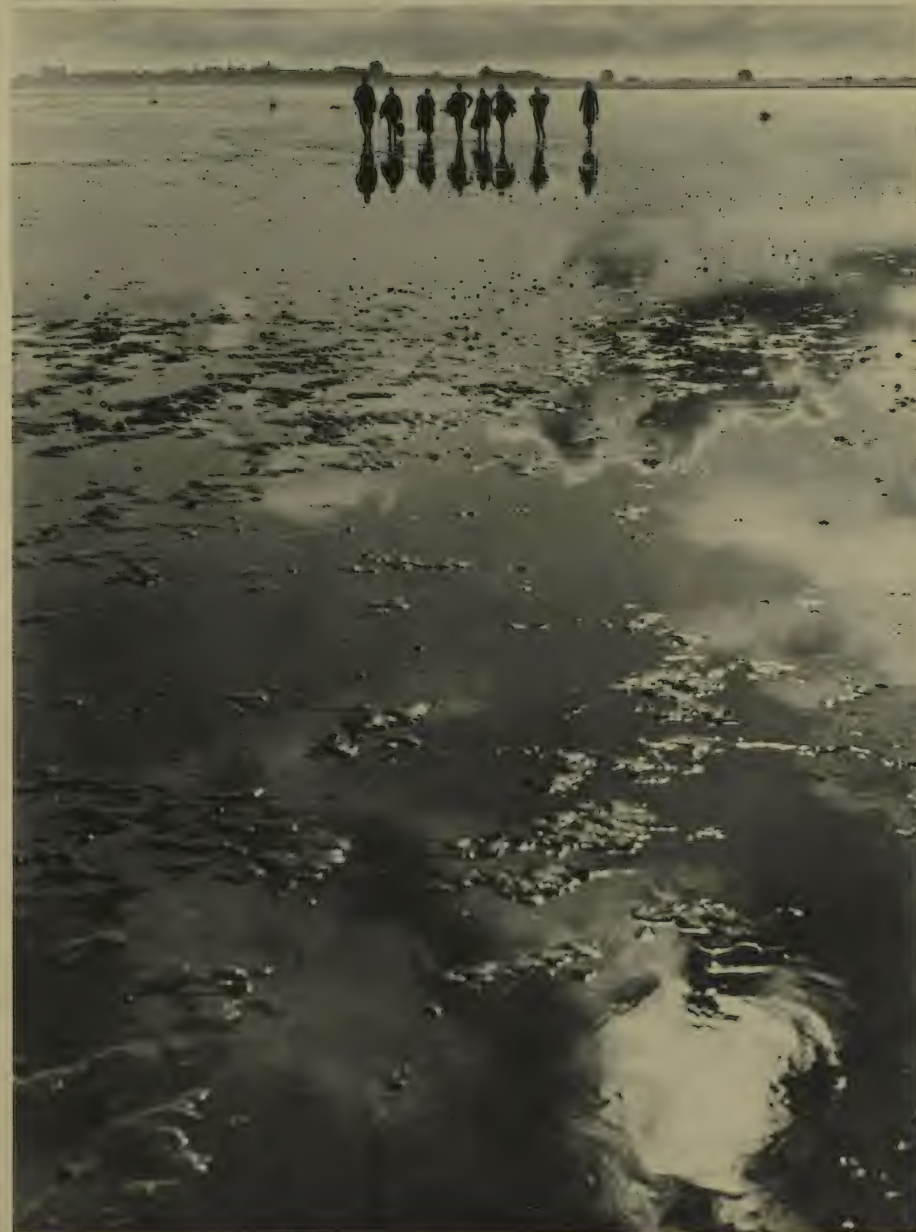


FORESHORE POOLS, DUG BY HEAVY SEAS—THE DELIGHT OF CHILDREN ON THE SANDS; WITH THE WHITE LINES OF BREAKERS BEYOND.

channels known as "Frisla." At low tide people can walk over the "Watt" from one island to another, and even carts can safely pass. At high water it is covered by the waves, with fishing vessels sailing to and fro. When the tide recedes again there is a new "sand-scape," with a fresh pattern of miniature hills and valleys.

# SHARED BY THE HOLIDAY-MAKER AND THE WAVES.

ALFRED EHRLHARDT



HOLIDAY-MAKERS ENJOYING A SUNNY, WINDLESS DAY: PADDLERS CROSSING SHALLOWS, IN WHICH THE CLOUDS ARE FLAWLESSLY MIRRORRED.



## OUR MECHANICAL AGE: TECHNICAL ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MOMENT.



LEARNING TO FLY WITHOUT FLYING: THE NEW KRONFELD TRAINING MACHINE AT HANWORTH AERODROME DURING ITS FIRST DEMONSTRATION.

A machine which should do much to eliminate all risk while learning to fly, and at the same time facilitate the work of instructors, was demonstrated for the first time at Hanworth Aerodrome on August 27. It has been designed and built by Kronfeld, Ltd., and was shown on this occasion by its inventor, R. Kronfeld. The trainer is fitted with a 10-h.p. Ford engine, which



R. KRONFELD DEMONSTRATING HIS NEW TRAINING MACHINE AT HANWORTH: AN AEROPLANE WITH ALL THE USUAL CONTROLS, BUT UNABLE TO LEAVE THE GROUND.

can propel it over the ground at a speed of about 40 m.p.h. The wings, designed to exercise no lift, prevent it from rising. The controls are identical with those of an aeroplane, and numerous safety devices have been added so that it is impossible for even the most inexperienced pilot to overturn it. It is claimed that a pupil could learn all aeronautical manoeuvres in it.



GAS-MASKED OPERATORS OF A PORTABLE RADIO SET; IN THE SOUTH COAST LANDING EXERCISE.

The Navy, the Army and the Air Force took part in combined exercises on the Dorset and Hampshire coast, beginning on August 26. The operations centred round an "invasion" of Studland Bay from the sea. Here are seen gas-masked men of the landing force with a portable radio set.



A NEW BRITISH RAILWAY SPEED RECORD OF 113 MILES AN HOUR: THE L.N.E.R. "SILVER JUBILEE."

The L.N.E.R. train "Silver Jubilee" set up a new high-speed record for British railways on August 27. A speed of 113 m.p.h. was reached on the Newcastle-London run, between Essendine and Tallington, in Lincolnshire. The train, drawn by the "Silver Fox" engine, had a full load of 270 tons. The previous record was 112 miles an hour.



THE SMALLEST AND THE LARGEST TELEVISION CATHODE RAY TUBES IN BERLIN.

At the Berlin Radio Exhibition, which opened on August 27, a number of television exhibits were to be seen. Two firms demonstrated big screen pictures projected by a new method from cathode ray tubes. In the tubes shown here the "televised" image appears on the white surface at the top.



A GIGANTIC "EAR" FOR DETECTING THE SOUND OF APPROACHING AEROPLANES: A DEVICE IN USE AT THE FRENCH AIR DEFENCE MANŒUVRES.

Our readers are familiar with various forms of sound-detecting apparatus which have been illustrated in these pages—in particular, a device of striking design in use in Japan. Apparatus of this kind is of special value in the organising of anti-aircraft defence; and this is the use to which the great "ear" shown in this photograph is put. A man on the right is seen "listening in." A tube runs from the apparatus to his ears.



A FIFTEEN-FOOT HEIGHT-FINDER FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE: APPARATUS INSPECTED BY THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE TERRITORIALS.

The Director-General of the Territorials, General Sir Walter Kirke, recently visited the anti-aircraft camp at Weybourne, near Sheringham, Norfolk, to inspect the men of the 53rd City of London Anti-Aircraft Brigade, R.A. This photograph shows one of the elaborate instruments inspected by the General on that occasion. It is a height-finder; a device having a width of fifteen feet. It forms an interesting comparison with the French sound-detector shown on the left.



# Visit SOUTH AFRICA'S Riviera



Governor-General's Country  
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**W**HEN Summer is bidding good-bye to England, Spring is casting her mantle over the South African Riviera. Trees and flowers are burgeoning and will soon be painting the countryside with a riot of brilliant colours. The wild flowers garland hillsides and valleys and at the coast resorts sea and sun join hands to welcome the holiday-maker.

Visit South Africa. See its many natural wonders ; enjoy its glorious sunshine. Study the fascinating Native life and customs —modes and manners which have changed but little with the passing of the centuries.

As an additional impetus to visit South Africa this year, there is the Empire Exhibition in Johannesburg. Exceptionally low fares and inexpensive tours have been arranged for visitors from England.



Hydrangeas in bloom  
in December



Reflection at a  
Native Medicine Market  
—Durban.

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## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### WOOD-CUT BEGINNINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

that it actually stimulated the manufacture of paper and so made possible, or at any rate easier, the expansion of book-production a century later. Such things are, of course, rare, for a cheap wood-cut pinned on to the door of a peasant's cottage had little chance of survival, and practically all that have survived have long since found a permanent home in the public collections of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and London. I reproduce one which dates from the second half of the fifteenth century (Fig. 1; British Museum Print Room).

The art, unlike that of etching, in which the acid bites into a metal plate, is a relief method—i.e., the design is drawn on the block and then the wood is cut away, leaving the design in relief. Put in this way, it sounds easy enough—experiment for yourself and see how obstinate a material even box-wood can be in unskilled hands.

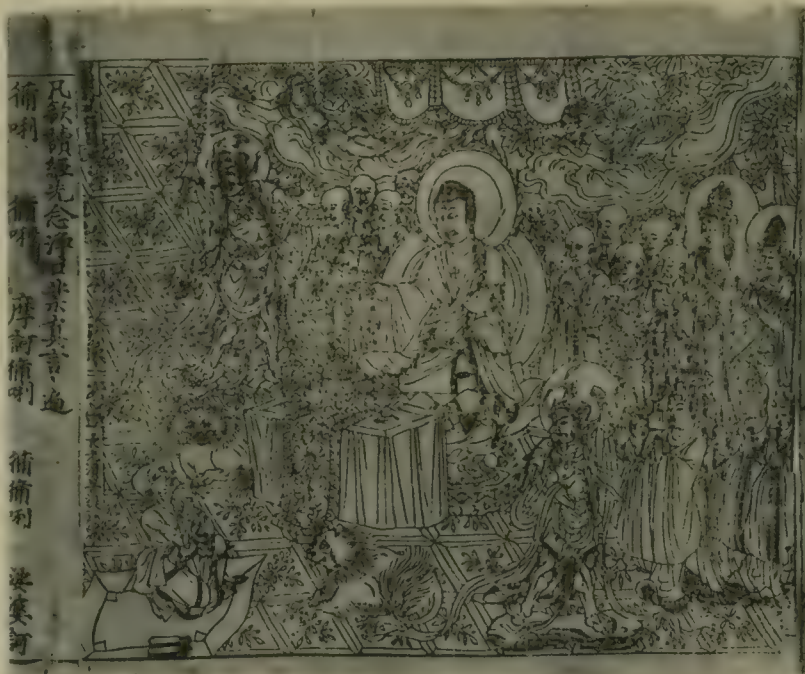
Cave of the Thousand Buddhas, at Ch'ien-Fo-tung, in Chinese Turkestan, the remarkable wood-cut reproduced in Fig. 2, which is dated 868 A.D. and is still the earliest thing of its kind that has come to light.

It appears that it used to be the practice, when a painting showed signs of decay, to have it incised in outline on a stone in a temple, and rubbings would



NO doubt many other incompetent gardeners besides myself have read with pleasure Clare Leighton's book, "Four Hedges," an unassuming account of how a bare, chalky hillside was made to blossom: perhaps not so many cast their mind's eye back across the centuries from the sensitive and expressive wood-engravings by the author which adorn the volume to those early days when Europeans first discovered this attractive method of multiplying illustrations. We are inclined to think of wood-blocks as inseparable from the art of printing, and so, indeed, they were in the late fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is, however, easy to forget that their use preceded the art of printing as we know it, for, many years before German ingenuity devised movable type (the essential invention which made book-production possible), wood-cuts were in fairly common use for reproducing pictures either with descriptions cut solid, as it were, or without any explanatory wording whatever.

Apparently cheap illustrations of sacred pictures began to make their appearance at places of pilgrimage as early as the end of the fourteenth century. They would be sold by monks to the pious, and rapidly gained in popularity. The wealthy would naturally be content only with a fine illuminated manuscript on vellum; the poor man made shift with a scrap of paper. It is even suggested that the demand for these edifying wood-cuts (mostly without wording, for what use letters to the illiterate?) was so considerable



2. PROBABLY THE EARLIEST WOOD-CUT IN EXISTENCE: A CHINESE PRINT DATING FROM 868 A.D.; DISCOVERED BY SIR AUREL STEIN IN THE CAVE OF THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS IN CHINESE TURKESTAN, IN 1907, AND PRESERVED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



**Für die pestilenz.**  
 Besser ist bistu maria vel quiden der beer ist mit der dem quid sein mit  
 Besser bistu vunder allen frewen und gefegnet se dem hailigen mitter  
 Annawen welcke geborn ist zu kind in vrammichkeit der hailigen vñ güt  
 tige lobma vñ weiden geborn ist ihene armen Amen  
 Dinst aller der von bapst ist hat alle erliche gütliche menschen güt die von  
 dem bild Sant Anne di obgeschriben gebeden mal sprechen x. tufte für ab  
 last vñ linder sind und xx. tufte für linder sind und in andern nachsten  
 weyungen ofenweg ofenwege An sonen bapstlichen stül und kils mit  
 seinen heiligen angeschlagen an alle kirchüren die zu dem sind und also  
 von seiner hailigkeit befehliger in dem jare als man zalt Nach Christi ge  
 burt vñ vñs lieben herren Tufent vierhundert und im vierundmüßig  
 sten.  
 Deo gratias. & Laus deo.

1. AN EARLY EUROPEAN WOOD-CUT: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE OF THE CHEAP, POPULAR PRINTS WHICH WERE SOLD TO THE LESS WELL-TO-DO VISITORS AT PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

These early popular wood-cuts, having been of very little value when they were originally purchased, rarely survived, and very few of them are known to-day. The letterpress in this case is headed "Für die pestilenz."

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I should add that till the eighteenth century the cutting was done with a specially shaped knife upon wood sawn with the grain; later a graver, or burin, was used in addition upon a block of wood sawn across the grain. When we speak of a Dürer or Holbein wood-cut we mean that the artist drew the design and handed over the actual cutting to an inferior craftsman. (Early numbers of *The Illustrated London News* were produced in this manner—the artists drew the pictures and then their designs were cut in the workshop.) The modern artist, as a rule, both draws the design and does his own cutting and engraving, and thus becomes in the fullest sense of the word the creator of the print.

So far, then, we can trace a respectable ancestry for the fine wood-cuts which embellish modern books to a time before there were any books. Indeed, if we stretch the use of words a little further we can go back beyond the end of the fourteenth century, for wood-blocks were used for printing patterns on textiles throughout the Middle Ages. But if, as we should, we confine ourselves to the art of printing from wood-blocks on paper, then we must admit that Europe was far behind the achievement of the Chinese. In 1907 Sir Aurel Stein discovered in the

be taken from this in the same way that one can take rubbings from a brass in an English church, and it has been suggested that the development of the wood-block had its origin in this way, though one would imagine that a more natural evolution would be from textile pattern printing to wood-block printing on paper as in Europe. Whatever the exact truth, it is certain that by the ninth century the art of making wood-blocks was well known and popular. (This example, for instance, shows no signs whatever of a hesitant groping after perfection, but is the work of a very accomplished craftsman.) But the odd thing about the Chinese attitude to this very delightful if minor craft is that they made use of it only for reproducing paintings already in existence and never for original work. It was reserved for the Japanese to seize upon the possibilities of this particular method and to produce a school of artists (among them the great names of Hiroshige and Utamaro, almost as well known to us Western Barbarians as to their countrymen) who made of the wood-cut not merely a pleasant and accurate translation of a picture, but a genuinely original work of art, thinking, as it were, in terms of wood-cut and designing solely with an eye to the effects possible in this medium. So, while Chinese wood-cuts are interesting, Japanese—at any rate the best ones—are vital, and there is a world of difference between the two. Neither nation, by the way, took kindly to specifically European methods—for example, the Chinese learnt etching and engraving from the Jesuits, and the Japanese from the Dutch, but they soon abandoned the method, partly no doubt from conservatism, but perhaps also because, in the nature of things, rice paper takes more kindly to marriage with wood than with metal.

Finally, here is a query to which I don't know the answer. The Chinese certainly printed from wood-blocks on textiles during the T'ang Dynasty: when did Europe first use a similar method? I believe evidence is lacking. Could the art have come westwards, either by sea or by the long land route?—and can we establish a particular contact? If so, that would provide for the modern book illustrator an even more remote and even more respectable ancestry than was thought possible fifty years ago, when the study of Far Eastern art had scarcely begun. On the other hand, there is no reason why Europe should not have evolved its own wood-cut technique without even a hint from the other half of the world. It's an academic question, but not without interest—we have found out so much and know so little.





WELL, THAT'S THAT... NOW, LET'S HAVE A



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# Of Interest to Women.



## Fashion in a Nutshell.

New and very becoming is the autumn line for evening dresses; it is tight until the knees are passed and then there is a swirling fullness. Basques and tunics have their rôles to play, expressed in lamés in which the lovely colours of the Orient are present. Among the colours are violet, royal blue, and an elusive shade of olive green. Shoulders are not quite so wide; nevertheless those of the puff character are very full. Belts are swathed, and coats are literally smothered in fur.

## Studies in Graceful Lines.

Everyone must admit that Harrods, Knightsbridge, have no rivals to fear in the domain of tea-gowns and wrappers, and this season they have beaten even their own high record. They have taken thought for the woman of dignified mien; to them must be given the credit of the models on this page. Pictured at the top on the left is a *chef d'œuvre* expressed in velvet embroidered with silver flowers, the draped sleeves being of chiffon. On the right is a model for a rather older woman, of which she may become the possessor for twelve guineas. It is of black cloqué and net, embroidered with silver-lined bugles. Furthermore, there is an interesting collection of decorative pyjamas, as well as tunic and lace tea frocks.



## Wrappers for Travelling.

There are "travel" wrappers as well as those for the trousseau at Harrods; the former are tailored, the fabricating mediums being crease-resisting, while the latter are more decorative. The negligé pictured below on the left is five-and-a-half guineas, and is carried out in two shades of peach; it is available in a variety of pastel colour schemes. Particularly "cosy" are the quilted dressing-gowns for 29s. 6d., while those of cloqué are 39s. 6d. Novelties are those of wool showing a bold plaid design; they are 49s. 6d. Their length of life is well-nigh unlimited; hence they are gilt-edge investments. And of breakfast wrappers, there are those enriched with marabou and plain.



## Good Travelling Companions.

Elizabeth Arden (25, Old Bond Street) has fitted travel bags which are as practical as they are perfect. The one in the background of the group in the centre of the page is of pigskin, with an outside pocket reinforced with lock and key, and when fitted with the accepted beauty preparations there is sufficient space for all paraphernalia necessary for two or three nights. The other bag has two separate compartments: one is for the aids to beauty in a removable case; the other has bag fittings.

## Farewell to Age.

"Farewell to Age" and "Art in Cosmetics" are among Elizabeth Arden's interesting brochures which every woman must study with the greatest care; they will be sent gratis and post free. There are three steps to loveliness: cleansing, toning, and soothing. The first may be achieved with the Venetian Cleansing Cream and the Ardena Skin Tonic; this lotion is endowed with unique properties which prevent the skin from becoming overheated and rob the nose of roseate hues. The toning may be achieved by the special astringent, and the soothing with the Velva Cream. And as the eyes are priceless possessions, everyone must use the Eye Lotion; it has passed the censorship of travellers, as well as those who guide our liners by air and sea. The illustrations include a beauty box.





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Velva Cream . . . . . 4/6 .. 22/6	Jar for 30 treatments . . . . . 21/-

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# FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

## THE CAPITALIST "ENEMY."

INVESTORS are accustomed to being called hard names when the Trade Union Congress lets off steam by vehement criticisms of capitalism; but it is possible that some of them may have been disconcerted when they lately read that this year's programme is to include resolutions in favour of a United Front against capitalism as a "strong and unscrupulous enemy." The great majority of investors are, in fact, mild and well-meaning folk who have not the least desire to be anybody's enemy. Far from being strong, they quietly submit to being continually fleeced by the tax-gatherer, who treats their dividends, if they are fortunate enough to receive any, as "unearned" income, regardless of the fact that, in many cases, they are the result of savings accumulated with great difficulty out of small incomes, earned through work involving continual strain and drudgery. The capitalist investor ranks last in his claim on the product of industry behind the tax-gatherer, the rate collector, the wage-earner, the organiser and salary-earner, and the trade creditor. Even if he is a debenture-holder he only ranks ahead of depreciation and upkeep at the expense of his own security; and if he holds ordinary shares he is always likely to find that the fund available for his dividend is eaten into by the "conservative" policy of his directors; they—very properly—consider that the maintenance of the business should be regarded as more important than the claims of shareholders to immediate distribution, and that it is better for shareholders, in the long run, to have more jam to-morrow or heaps of jam some day, than a little jam to-day. Which, of course, is generally quite true; but shareholders, thus called upon to exercise patience, sometimes remind themselves that, as Mr. Keynes has pointed out, in the long run we are all dead.

## A "FUNCTIONLESS" ABSENTEE.

Presumably, those who regard the capitalist as an enemy believe that it is quite wrong that he should have any claim of any kind on the product of industry, and that he is a blood-sucking parasite who does nothing for such money as he gets. He has also been described in the past—I think it was by that great worker for the wage-earners, Mr. Sidney Webb (as he was called in those days)—as a functionless absentee. Certainly he is an absentee in the sense that, having contributed his capital, he takes no part in the management of the business, which is put into hands specially trained for this most difficult and important job; but would the workers and managers be likely to be pleased if shareholders, instead of being absentees, took to nosing round at the factory or warehouse and making suggestions, probably quite futile, as to the way in which things ought to be done? A "presentee" shareholder might easily become an intolerable nuisance. But when he is called "functionless," he can retort that, in fact, he performs a function which is of the highest importance to industry, without which it could not start production, and that he performs this function on the chance of receiving no return for his money. In other words, he provides the sinews of industry and takes its risks. If he were eliminated, as his critics desire, this function would have to be performed by somebody, presumably by the State or by the syndicated workers, or whatever might be the body that had eliminated him. Somebody has

to provide the medium, whether in money or in kind, by which the means of production can be created and organised, and the workers engaged on building the factory or railway or whatever it may be can be paid during the time necessary between forming the industrial project and the day on which it begins to deliver the goods and pay for itself. And somebody, whatever may be the form of economic community that has to be fed and kept in comfort, has to take the risk of failure—if, when the business is at last got to work and it is found that the commodity or service that it provides is no longer wanted by the community, then all the work put into it and the remuneration of the workers who have been employed in its creation will have been wasted. Under capitalism this risk is taken by the "functionless" shareholder, who now pays for industrial and commercial failures. It may be contended that if the State directed industry, and also directed consumption, this risk would be much less; because the State would decide that certain articles and services must be consumed and then would proceed to provide them. In other words, the right of choice, now provided by the risk-taking shareholder, would be abolished; and how would the critics of capitalism, and their wives, like to be told exactly what to eat and drink and wear, and how exactly to amuse themselves?

## INVESTORS AND WAGE-EARNERS.

This hostility towards capitalists, felt by certain representatives of the wage-earners, is, of course, a legacy

the trade unions and the political strength gained by the wage-earners through the widening of the franchise given power to the combinations of workmen that is, at least, as great as that in the hands of the employers, but it is recognised in an ever-widening circle among those who organise and manage industry that high wages are the best and soundest foundation of prosperity, and that it pays industry to give to the manual workers the highest share in its product that is compatible with the maintenance of a competitive cost of production. Since the wage-earners and their families are by far the largest class in the community, a free and steady market for most of the goods and services provided by industry can only be secured when the buying power in their hands is maintained at a high level.

## HIGH WAGES AND PROSPERITY.

The great exponent of this doctrine, so momentous to the future of industry and of social peace, has been Mr. Henry Ford. In his book, "To-day and To-morrow," he tells us that "an underpaid man is a customer reduced in purchasing power. He cannot buy. . . . Reduce wages and you reduce work, because you reduce the demand upon which work depends. . . . Many a manufacturer sincerely believes that he is paying the highest wages—his business will stand. Perhaps he is. But no one knows what he can afford to pay until he tries. In 1915 we raised our wage from an average of two dollars and forty cents to a minimum of five dollars a day. Then we really started our business, for on that day we first created a lot of customers



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A FRENCH SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MARBLE STATUETTE OF AMPHITRITE. The name of the famous French sculptor Germain Pilon (b. 1535, d. 1590) has been suggested in connection with this statuette, and although it is probably not by the artist's own hand, a comparison with the reliefs on the base of the great monument to Henri IV. and Maria de' Medici in the Abbey at St. Denis makes it seem very probable that the sculptor was under the direct influence of Pilon or even attached to his workshop. The contemporary Italian marble base is not that upon which the figure originally stood, but it is very probable that the figure would, at the period, have been very similarly mounted and placed possibly over a fountain or in a niche. Reproduction by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Copyright Reserved.

of the bad old days when capitalists believed that they could only earn profits if they forced the manual workers to accept the lowest wages on which they could subsist. When Adam Smith wrote the "Wealth of Nations," he told his readers that "masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit but constant and uniform combination not to raise the wages of labour above their actual rate. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of

for our cars; and, second, began to find so many ways to save that soon we were able to start our programme of price reduction. . . . You simply cannot make a thing cheaply and well with cheap men."

When one brings forward this example of the connection between prosperity and high wages, one is usually told that Mr. Ford's principle did not survive the slump in industry of 1929, and that it is therefore untrustworthy as a basis of working practice. In fact, however, the whole story of that depression, and of such recovery from it as has been achieved in different countries, has been a confirmation of the Ford doctrine. The breakdown of international trade and the terrific fall in commodity prices dislocated the distribution of purchasing power; and recovery has been most marked in those countries in which the level of wages and of relief to those unable to earn wages has been most successfully maintained. It is, however, true that the Ford principle is not everywhere as easy work as he found it, with his large and rich home market to supply him with customers. Industries such as our cotton trade, which sell a large proportion of their goods abroad, cannot improve the purchasing power of their overseas customers by paying high wages in Lancashire. But in general, the solution of this crisis of "poverty in plenty" is evidently the wider distribution of buying power; and since high wages are an obvious means to this end, far-sighted investors will be on the side of Mr. Ford, rather than of the "masters" as depicted by Adam Smith.



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Sir Percy Vincent, the Lord Mayor of London, visited Vancouver for the Jubilee Celebrations in that city. On August 20 he unveiled a statue of Captain Vancouver, and broadcast an address which was relayed to Great Britain. The Lord Mayor took out with him a painting of Captain Vancouver's grave at Petersham, Surrey, as a gift from the Borough of Richmond to the City of Vancouver. The picture was specially painted by a Richmond artist, Mr. A. Watson Turnbull.

reproach to a master among his neighbours and equals. . . . Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the wages of labour even below this rate." Since his day not only have





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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

THIS month the true romance comes into its own. J. B. Priestley's young lovers are the immemorial ones who lose and find each other in the dark forest; Lady Eleanor Smith has gone to the shadowy 'sixties for her fair lady; John Buchan presents a further instalment of the saga of Richard Hannay and Sandy Clanroyden. It is a gallant massed attack on the realistic school.

Edward Fielding and Rose Salter of "They Walk in the City," began their adventure in a depressed little Yorkshire town. The old mills were dead and dying, and work was hard to come by; but a cheerful young woman did not lack gaiety of sorts, and the moors, high above the drab streets, were the very place for love at first sight to ripen in. They might never have left Haliwell if one mischance after another had not befallen them; it must be admitted they were oddly unlucky in the early stages of their courting. Edward failed to keep a tryst because the bathroom key turned traitor and locked him in, and Rose, recklessly indulging in daydreams at the factory, was summarily dismissed from her job. She believed Edward had deserted her; she fled with her sad heart to London. But, of course, he was not faithless; he was only desperate because she had vanished, and was frantically pursuing her elusive trail through the stone forest of the strange vast city. She, too, was lost in the forest; she had been manoeuvred out of her teashop engagement and had flitted to another in a big store; disappeared from that to shield a kleptomaniac friend; and finally fallen into the clutches of a procuress. (The excitement of the story rises to fever height in Mrs. Hubarth's sinister establishment.) "They Walk in the City" is not Mr. Priestley's greatest book, but it is rich in his observation of all sorts and conditions of plain folk and oddities and human birds of prey; and it is good and satisfying to read.

Lady Eleanor Smith's "Portrait of a Lady" frames the charm and grace of Medora Venn. Her mother was the notorious Adelina Venn, an adventuress still extraordinarily handsome at forty-five, and possessed of an exotic dignity neither her rages nor her rampant selfishness could destroy. The dignity was Medora's heritage; but her fine fibre was her own. She became a governess—what other respectable employment was open to a mid-Victorian lady?—and thereafter an actress. She and her actor lover sank into abject poverty; it was not until his drunken degradation had exhausted her endurance that she accepted

the silent wooer who was to transform her into the Marchioness of Cheyn.

Her marriage began and was continued in a tragic misunderstanding. It was surely a gipsy strain in Adelina, transmitted to her daughter, that brought about the wild intrusion of Gilderoy the gipsy lad, and impelled Medora's flight to Spanish sunshine. She went back to her Marquess with love reawakened; behind her, in the darkness, she had shut out for ever the spectres of her past. Ah, well!

as the prime mover in a blackmailing conspiracy. The manoeuvres of the gang were countered, step by step, by Dick and Sandy; but it would have gone hard with Haraldsen, the intended victim, if his Berserk fury had not flared out at their final onslaught. It does not need to be said that "The Island of Sheep" is written with distinction. The action is exhilarating, and the scene is perfectly set in Clanroyden's country of the Lowlands and Haraldsen's remote island of the North.

To include Winifred Birkett among the romantics is to indicate the manner of her approach to Australian character and landscape. There is a note of music in "Earth's Quality" that goes vibrating towards the destiny of the Australian race; and the pastoral region of New South Wales has seldom been treated with just this luminous perception of its abiding values. The old squatter in the Laverock homestead and the people who moved about him are lovable—most lovable of all Timonee Fraser, who wove an almond-tree into the venture of her youth. Beyond her, and beyond the heirs of Laverock, stretches "the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended," the vision that Banjo Paterson saw too when he looked upon the Bathurst plains, forty years ago.

Wilhelm Speyer's "The Court of Fair Maidens" is perversely introduced by Mr. Van Loon as an agreeable little volume, and a Mozart minuet. It is not little, and there were more tempestuous measures than the minuet for highborn maidens to dance to in the year of Ulm. German princes were listening with an uneasy ear for the tramp of the French armies. Herr Speyer, like Lady Eleanor Smith, has recaptured the grace of a day that is dead; but "The Court of Fair Maidens" is something more than a tale of bright eyes and ardent courtships. It is a footnote to Napoleonic history in which you may discover parallels, delicately suggestive, between the apprehensions of the middle-Europeans in 1805 and those of the present generation.

Richard Strachey's moderns chase their own tails in "The Golden Heart." Let no one think their antics obscure his serious intentions. A rapier thrust at the world we live in flashes when the lovers Susan and Jacob are standing before Stonehenge. "Nothing of ease lay in the splendour of the stones. A wild and cruel beauty emanated from them, an ancient remedy for modern sentimentality. Here, in the clear-cut issue, was a place of sacrifice, rugged and bold. . . ." It is a place far removed from the gyrations, devoid of ritual or reverence, of the latest-born of time. You laugh at them; you laugh immoderately. But when Susan makes her gentle confession

[Continued overleaf.]

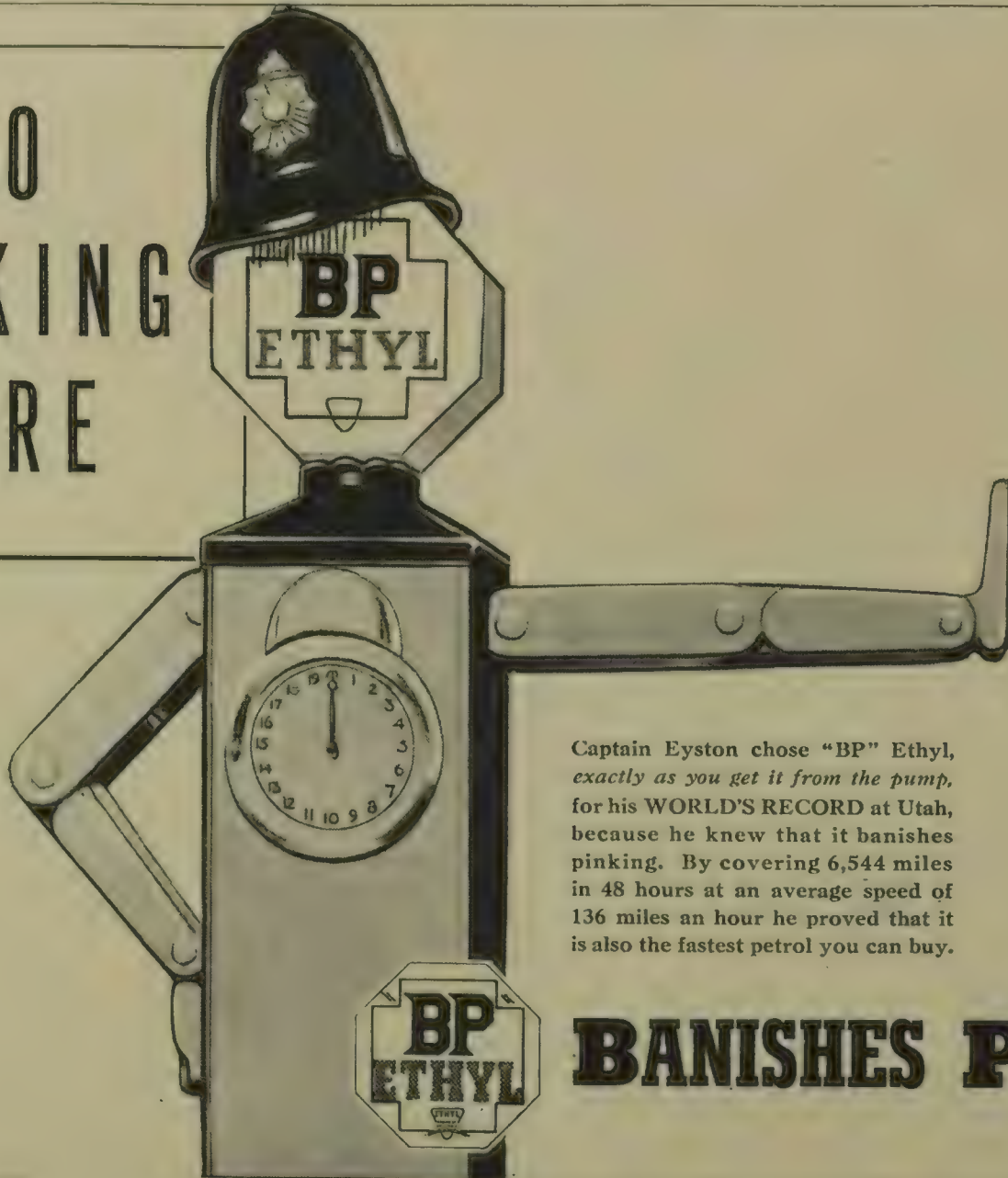


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"The Island of Sheep" is one of the best of the Hannay adventures. Mr. Buchan has added a fresh recruit to his good company—Sir Richard's schoolboy son, a delightful person. Also he has resuscitated D'Ingraville, who figures

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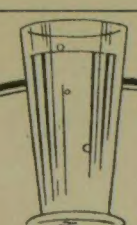
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*Continued.]*

of faith in escape from the grossness and ugliness of the world, when Mr. Strachey points a finger to immortal love, or, with the dragged dead memorial flowers before him, to the stupidities that encumber the relations of man with man, there is no more room for laughter. It is a poet-philosopher who has written "The Golden Heart," and therein lies the secret of its enchantment.

"Going to the Sea," by Doreen Wallace, and "Tambour Terrace," by Eleanor Dunbar Hall, are competent novels. Miss Wallace takes middle-class Englishwomen through three stages: a spoilt child at school and precociously in love; an impressionable young woman, futile in comparison with two stronger characters; and a frustrated wife. She could not write a dull book if she tried, and her individuals are well and truly drawn, but the cumulative effect of the book is depressing. Nor does "Tambour Terrace" convey anything as enlivening as the tap of drum—or the gold and silver embroidery—suggested by its name. The stranglehold of the Bradley parents who compelled their children, married and unmarried, to live in the dreary terrace is well conceived; such things do happen when thrifty provincial folk invest their little capital in bricks and mortar. Miss Dunbar does not conceal her pride in Julia, the son's wife, who held her own by sheer intelligence and force of character; but the old mother is the outstanding figure in the Bradley family.

"Eagles Restrained," by Brian Tunstall, and "The Birds," by Frank Baker, will attract people who like to read novels about the events of the future. Sooner or

later somebody was bound to write a Wellsian forecast dealing with the League of Nations. Rose Macaulay did it once, as we know, but that was in the vein of comedy. Mr. Tunstall is serious. He has envisaged the situation that might arise if an International Police Force were ready to intervene in a war between members of the League—in this example Germany and Poland. Red tape and departmental jealousies will not, he indicates, be extinct by 1954. The war comes to an end with the revolt of the German flying personnel, who refuse to carry on against the world's air navigators and gunners. What would General Goering say to that?

"The Birds" frankly despairs of contemporary civilisation. The feathered cloud sent to purge its iniquities is overdue, by the way; the birds' supernatural visitation is timed for August 1936. Mr. Baker has achieved a vividly imaginative *tour-de-force*, but we feel the elder who survived the massacre and related its grisly tale to his grandchild was too acrid a critic to be a sound historian, even when allowance

is made for the shattering nature of his experiences. The detective stories to hand are well above the average in construction and ingenuity. "The Talkative Policeman," by Rupert Penny, deserves careful reading; without it the point of Mr. Penny's challenge will be missed. He says he makes no claim to originality, and refers you to the precedent created by Mr. Ellery Queen in "The Roman Mystery." That is as it may be; it is beyond dispute that the dialogue keeps you alert; also, that the murder motive is beautifully artful in its simplicity. H. Russell Wakefield's "Belt of Suspicion" extracts a lively entertainment from the professional mysteries of a corsetmaker's establishment. He keeps the balance nicely adjusted between the intriguing methods of Glovfit's products and the crime, and the human interest of his thriller is unusually well handled. "The Man Who Murdered Himself," by Geoffrey Homes, is an American story, in which an unscrupulous private investigation agency figures. The plot works out as an exciting obstacle race by extraneous persons in the Yankee policemen's preserves.

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

They Walk in the City. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)

Portrait of a Lady. By Lady Eleanor Smith. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

The Island of Sheep. By John Buchan. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

Earth's Quality. By Winifred G. Birkett. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7s. 6d.)

The Court of Fair Maidens. By Wilhelm Speyer. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)

The Golden Heart. By Richard Strachey. (Secker and Warburg; 7s. 6d.)

Going to the Sea. By Doreen Wallace. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Tambour Terrace. By Eleanor Dunbar Hall. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)

Eagles Restrained. By Brian Tunstall. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.)

The Birds. By Frank Baker. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)

The Talkative Policeman. By Rupert Penny. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Belt of Suspicion. By H. Russell Wakefield. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Man Who Murdered Himself. By Geoffrey Homes. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

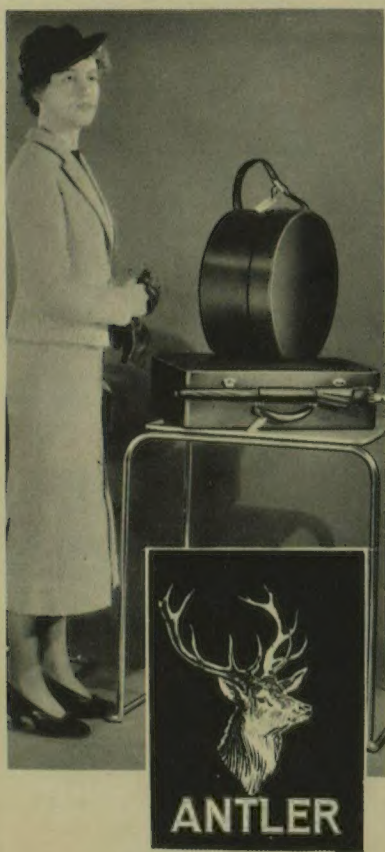


THE EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE WELCOMED BY BRITISH MOSLEMS: THE ROYAL ABYSSINIAN EXILE AT THE SHAH JEHAN MOSQUE, WOKING; WITH SIR ABDULLAH BUCHANAN-HAMILTON AND OTHERS.

The Emperor Haile Silassie, accompanied by Dr. Martin, the former Abyssinian Minister in Great Britain, and Ras Kassa, former commander of the Abyssinian Northern Armies, was the guest of the Moslem community in Great Britain at the Shah Jehan Mosque, Woking, on August 25. On his arrival, he was presented with a bouquet by Khalida Buchanan-Hamilton, the woman leader of the British Moslems. Sir Abdullah Buchanan-Hamilton, who is seen here, is a member of the British Moslem Community.



A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA ENTERS AN ENGLISH HOSPITAL TO LEARN NURSING: PRINCESS TSAHAI TALKING TO NURSES AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON.



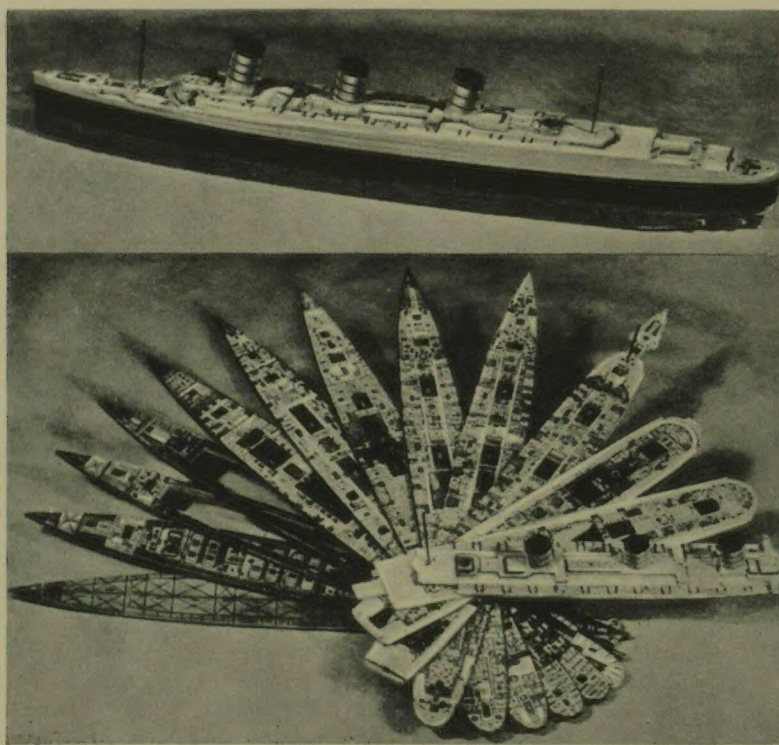
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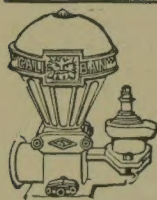
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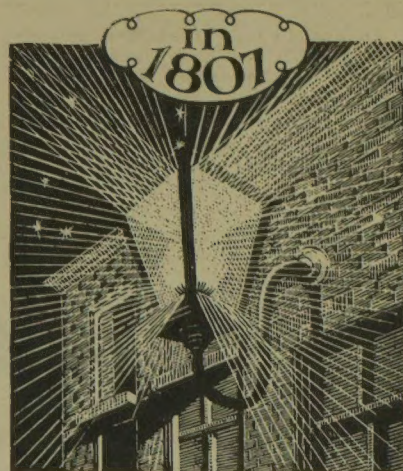
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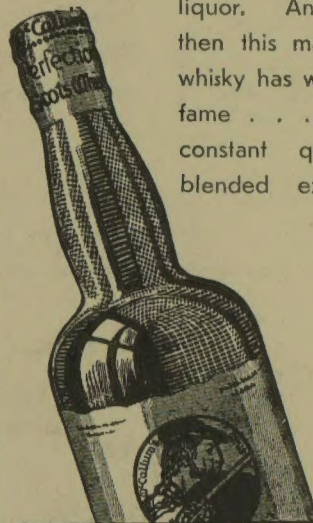
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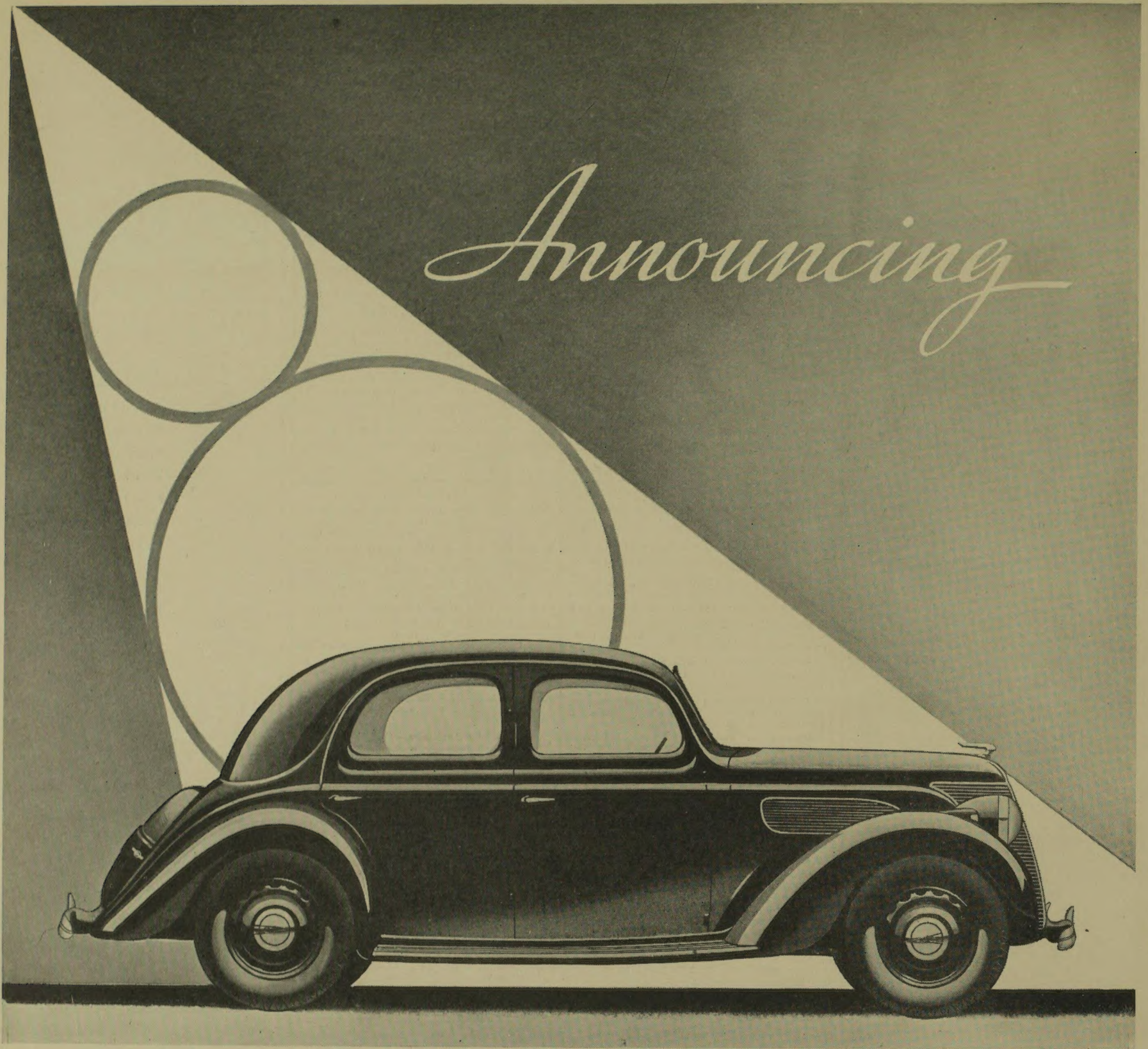
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